

SPECIAL YEAR-END ISSUE

Sports Illustrated

DOUBLE ISSUE DEC. 20-27, 1978 \$1.25

**SPORTSWOMAN
OF THE YEAR**

Chris Evert





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panel and cockpit



Refinement:
a zip-down rear window.

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New York Life Insurance Company



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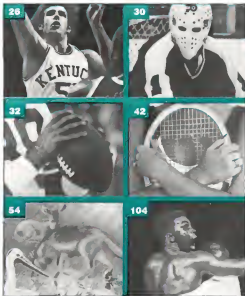
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AN OLD JOKE: What are the last two words of The Star-Spangled Banner? Answer: "Play ball!" J. D. Reed looks at the song's tie to sports, anthems and anthrophobes, and some star-spangled singers.

IT'S NO JOKE for the more than 60 pro fighters who will participate in the U.S. Boxing Tournament and its \$15 million in purses. Mark Kram reports on TV's six-month-long blockbuster that will begin in January.

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Shopwalk

by J. D. REED

FACED WITH A 9½-INCH O.J., AN ADULT STUDIES LIFE'S ITTY-BITTY PROBLEMS

Children get to see things with a punty denied as jaded adults. Take the O.J. Simpson doll, for instance (\$6.50, from Shindana Toys). Its full title will warm a kid's heart—"The Juice, O.J. Simpson, Super Pro, 9½-inch, Fully Jointed O.J. Action Figure." Because it's mostly for boys, they don't call it a "doll." "Fully Jointed Action Figure" is a lot more masculine.

The figure is frighteningly detailed. It has slightly too-perfect O.J. features, a perfect O.J. haircut, teeth that are television-white, and it comes dressed in a blue-and-white football uniform, complete with a tiny helmet and even a little football. There are no scars from knee operations, no contusions, abrasions or grass stains. The O.J. doll smiles widely, just as if it were listening to a tiny Howard Cosell. In fact, the only thing that differentiates it from the 6'1" O.J. is that, as far as I know,

the real one doesn't have "Hong Kong" written across the small of his back. For all I know, he may be getting that done right now, though.

My 6-year-old daughter played with the O.J. doll for a while, but she let her Bionic Woman doll give the Juice a vicious karate chop that put him on the injured reserve list, so I keep him in my study now where the Bionic Woman can't get at him.

Kids love the O.J. Action Figure. They can make him sit, stand, take hand-offs and run through a broken field over the living room carpet. He's as near the real O.J. as you can get without \$2.5 million and an announcer's contract. But, naturally, I want much more from my O.J. doll.

For instance, the doll carries the number 32 on its jersey, but has no Buffalo Bill insignia on uniform or helmet. Also, I want a 9½-inch figure of Carroll Rosenbloom, the owner of the miniature Rams, to call up O.J. in Buffalo and try to sign him to an itty-bitty contract, with even tinier free print.

I also want him to have a plaid suit, little briefcase and miniature Hertz credit card, so my O.J. can make television commercials

What's life in the real sports world without Lilliputian recluses? He also needs an ABC blazer for announcing duties. And he needs an 8½-inch agent to take a tiny 10% of his salary for the *Doll House Inferno*, the movie we're going to make.

Perhaps you think I've gone too far. No way. I'm just living out the fantasies we all share about superheroes and superstars. For a kid, the fact that O.J. Simpson is one of the greatest running backs in football history is enough, and when a boy makes the doll gracefully slip through imaginary tackles, the doll has fulfilled its function for him.

But we adults are not so easily gratified. We are faced with the bewildering complexity of life, its ineluctable problems, just like O.J. Simpson. And so, without any embarrassment, I persist in my fantasizing. Why just last night, for instance, I took my O.J. doll down to the local tavern. The bartender thought he was being real funny when he said, "And what'll your friend have, an eyedropper of beer?" I told him what I thought of his perverted sense of humor. I ordered him a Scotch on the rocks, just like the rest of us. My O.J. doll is a class guy. **END**



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**and walked. Then they hunted
explored and worshipped... together**

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THE BIRTH OF WRITING May 5, 1998
The digital and printed worlds meet, united perhaps in separate letters, all placed as distant from one another as they are from one another.



HOW TO EARN YOUR STRIPES

by Fran Tarkenton

I think one of the most important things in football is to try new things, especially when you're a kid. Don't be afraid to experiment. Explore your abilities. If you get the chance, play different positions like I did. How are you going to

know how to throw to a receiver unless you've been a receiver?

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BOOKTALK

by ROBERT CANTWELL

REPLAYING SOME SPORTING ROBBERIES WITH PICTURES THAT PROVE A POINT

Coming down the stretch in the 1933 Kentucky Derby, Brokers Tip and Head Play were nose to nose, with Charley O four lengths back. From the middle of the stretch to the finish line, jockeys Don Meade, on Brokers Tip, and Herb Fisher, on Head Play, were flailing away with their whips. Only they weren't flailing their horses; they were flailing each other. They also were pushing, yelling, pulling at one another's saddle cloth and boots and otherwise engaging in the most conspicuous and ill-timed fight in horse-racing history. Brokers Tip and Head Play, unattended, went on doing what they were supposed to be doing, until Brokers Tip won by a nose. But as Bud Greenspan points out in *We Were Robbed* (Grosset & Dunlap, \$12.95 hardcover and \$5.95 paperback), both entries should have been disqualified and Charley O declared winner of the 1933 Derby.

Greenspan has reconstructed and documented 16 such incidents and illustrated them with 295 photographs. Not all of the episodes offer glaring examples of official error. Some of them recall odd or disputed events. Greenspan has concentrated on the moments of controversy, made stills from the frame-by-frame action of movie films and enlarged photographs to the point where he can offer a confident statement of what really happened.

Or of what didn't happen. Babe Didrikson did not jab Evelyn Hall in the ribs, as Evelyn claimed, in the 80-meter hurdles in the 1932 Olympics. The crucial goal which England was awarded in the 1966 World Cup finals against West Germany was not a goal—the ball hit the crossbar and dropped to the ground with so much spin that it bounced back onto the playing field; the ball was never entirely inside the goal as the rules require.

Greenspan calls the Russia-U.S. basketball game in the 1972 Olympics, "the worst miscarriage of justice in the history of the Games." He serves up proof in text and pictures to confirm what all U.S. basketball fans already know: we *wuz*, indeed, robbed. With the Soviet team leading 49-48 and six seconds to go, America's Doug Collins came up with a loose ball at midcourt and drove for the hoop. He missed the layup but was fouled. The clock showed three seconds remaining when he stepped up to sink the two free throws that put the U.S. ahead by 50-49. Still three seconds to go—or so everyone thought. Play resumed, the Russians missed a desperation shot. One second. And then began the bewildering sequence of whistles, time-outs

and illegal interventions of highly placed (but unauthorized) officials that led to setting the clock back to three seconds. The Russians tossed the ball in from under their own basket, and Alexander Belov hit the shot that sealed the 51-50 dirty deed, with the referee protesting helplessly "I consider this completely illegal," he said. But the case was closed. And the Russians still have possession of the gold medal.

The least convincing of the illustrated examples of official error are those claiming fouls in the boxing ring. It was Manager Joe Jacobs' outraged cry "We wuz robbed!"—when Jack Sharkey was awarded the decision over Max Schmeling in 1932—that gave Greenspan the title for his book, but he has included a disproportionate amount of photographic material on Sharkey that seems not to show much of anything. Here is Phyllis Phil Scott writing on the canvas claiming Sharkey fouled him, here is Sharkey felled by one of Primo Carnera's invisible blows, here is Sharkey grabbing his midriff and claiming that Jack Dempsey had fouled him. (Robbery or not, that case was closed when Dempsey knocked him out with a terrific left to the jaw.) But the most careful photographic examination often fails to distinguish between a good fighter and a good actor.

Greenspan makes the point that in many of these incidents the participants often didn't know what had really happened. Ralph Neves, one of the leading jockeys in the country, was aboard Flamingo in second place in the fourth race at Bay Meadows, on May 8, 1936 when the lead horse fell, bringing down four other horses. Neves went over his horse's head and Flamingo's spine broken, rolled over directly on top of the jockey. When Neves was finally pulled free, two physicians pronounced him dead. The crowd stood in silent prayer as an ambulance took the jockey to a hospital, where he was wrapped in a white sheet and laid on a cold slab as a death certificate was being prepared.

After lying there some 30 minutes, Neves opened his eyes. "I couldn't see anything," he said. "It was pitch black. Finally I found a door and ran like hell." Wearing only his boots and the sheet, he persuaded a taxi driver to take him back to the track. There, he was alarmed at the sight of a crowd and began to run, the crowd chasing him. Two jockeys eventually caught Neves and took him to the track's first-aid room where, aside from some bruises and a case of shock, he was found to be in good shape. Greenspan uses 23 photographs to document the story, which might well seem unbelievable without them. He adds that Neves, now the wealthy owner of a Santa Anita restaurant, admits that he did not know the entire sequence of events until he studied these pictures.

END

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

NOEL

Now the year draws in, Charlie Finley is fading in the west, Joe Namath in the east. The market for athletic talent, professional as well as amateur, is high, but if your son is wondering whether to be a backcourt man or a lawyer, talk to the kid. Straighten him out. The sound of litigation is heard in the land.

This is the time of the lawyer, the agent, the accountant, the politician. Success begins with a dollar sign. Failure is red ink. The Cincinnati Reds don't excite people, because the Reds do their thing on the field. Give us the Olympic Games. Football coaches. The NCAA. Jimmy Connors. The retiring Ali. Jumping basketball stars. Merry Christmas.

FRISCO BLUES

The news that the New England Patriots may get to "draft" two players from the San Francisco 49ers (SCORECARD, Dec. 6), to complete the April 1976 trade in which the 49ers obtained Jim Plunkett from New England, caused a bit of a stir around the Golden Gate. In case you don't remember the details, the Pats were supposed to have the 49ers' first two picks in the 1977 NFL draft, but if the draft is not held—a court has declared it illegal, a decision that is being appealed—then the New Englanders can reportedly select any two men they want from San Francisco, excepting only Plunkett and three other players the 49ers are entitled to protect.

San Francisco fans have been grumbling since they heard about that arrangement, mostly because Plunkett had an indifferent year. In fact, local cynics have suggested that the 49ers ought to complete the trade by sending Plunkett back to New England.

A second 49er who has been getting his critical jumps is Placekicker Steve Mike-Mayer, who played without a contract this season because he felt he was not being paid what he was worth. His argument looked strong a couple of months back when he kicked 10 field goals in a

row. It sagged when he blew kicks that would have upset St. Louis and Washington and might have helped to beat Atlanta. Two Sundays ago he missed three field goals against San Diego, any one of which would have given San Francisco victory instead of an overtime defeat.

Now Mike-Mayer is uneasy. He still has not signed a contract, and the 49ers have not made him a new offer. "I don't know what to say," he declared last week. "I didn't even hear from my agent for months."

RINGER

Florida State's junior varsity basketball team was scheduled to play a practice game at North Florida Junior College last week. But when the Florida State players became involved with semester exams, Dick Danford, the North Florida coach, agreed to let the Seminoles send a pickup team instead.

Danford got more than he bargained for. Lining up at center on this scrub team was a big redheaded guy named Dave Cowens, a former teammate of Danford's at FSU on leave from his regular duties with the Boston Celtics.

"I think they slipped one in on us," joked Danford afterward. But Cowens spent most of the game coaching his junior college opponents. "Dave would yell, 'Get the ball, fake left, go right and I'll let you dump it in,'" said Danford.

Cowens' FSU team won 82-62 despite his generosity and despite his scoring only six points. Then, his busman's holiday over with, he headed back to his parents' home in Kentucky to help harvest some Christmas trees.

TONY AND ED

Tony Dorsett richly deserved the Heisman Trophy, but his all-time career rushing record of 6,082 yards may not be the most glittering performance by a running back in college football history. Ed Marinaro, the New York Jet back who played for Cornell in 1969, and who finished second in the Heisman voting in his

senior year, gained only 4,715 yards in his college career, but he did that in 27 games over three years. Dorsett played 43 games over four years. According to statistics released by the NCAA, Marinaro averaged 174.6 yards per game to Dorsett's 141.4. If he had played in as many games as Dorsett—and assuming he remained as strong and as aggressive as Dorsett has—Marinaro's figures project to an astonishing career total of 7,509 yards.

SIX OF ONE

When the six-wheel Tyrrell Formula 1 racing car was first shown between the 1975 and 1976 seasons, there was some talk of it being a hoax. The two sets of tiny front wheels made it look like a production-line glitch in the Dinky Car factory—or one of those things that get covered with pearlescent paint and angel hair in a custom-car show.

But Jody Scheckter and his Tyrrell teammate Patrick Depailler drove their six-wheelers to third- and fourth-place finishes respectively in the 1976 Grand Prix season standings. And now the March racing team has come up with its



own version of a six-wheeler, although the March's extra set of wheels are in the back rather than the front. All four rear wheels are driven by the engine, but for aerodynamic reasons (proved in wind tunnel tests) they are smaller than the rear wheels on conventional Formula 1s.

The March six-wheeler should be among the fastest cars on straightaways, but its designer, Robin Herd, is cautious about its future as a road racer. His prin-

Continued

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SCORECARD continued

cipl concern is not the extra weight (about 100 pounds more than the current March) or mechanical complexity but how the car will corner with what is essentially four-wheel drive. Past four-wheel-drive cars tended to keep going doggedly in the same direction, and tires wore out quickly. If the March's unpowered front "steering" wheels can cope with the cornering problem, the six-wheeler may make its debut at the South African Grand Prix on March 5.

That is, if Grand Prix car constructors and track owners can iron out the differences that threaten to wipe out the entire 1977 season.

CRITIC

When it came time to renew his automobile registration this fall, Ed Badger, who was beginning his first season as head coach of the Chicago Bulls with the avowed intention of making the team a factor again in the NBA, decided to get special plates. He asked for "WIN 50," because winning 50 games in the NBA is a hallmark of success, like batting .300 or rushing for 1,000 yards. But somebody in the licensing office, presumably thinking he was doing the applicant a favor by giving him a lower and therefore more prestigious number, crossed Badger up by assigning him plates that read "WIN 20."

Maybe it wasn't an innocent mistake. Maybe the man in the licensing office knows the Bulls better than Badger does. Off their performance thus far this season, they're going to end up a lot closer to 20 wins than to 50.

MOMENT TO REMEMBER

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continued



TEN HIGH

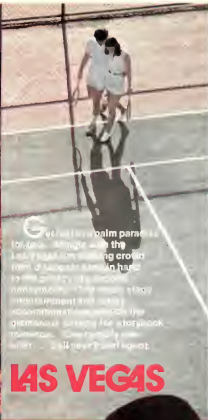
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SCORECARD continued

punt, which would have left Colorado in poor field position with only seconds to play.

But, in his excitement, the back ran the ball out of the end zone, was lost, fumbled—and Colorado recovered on the one. The Buffaloes quickly scored, scored again seconds later when they intercepted a desperate, last-ditch Oklahoma State pass, and won 20-10. Colorado ended the season in a tie for the conference championship with Oklahoma State and Oklahoma, and it gained the coveted invitation to the Orange Bowl because of its wins over those two teams.

If, however, Oklahoma State had downed the ball, run out the clock and won, it would have won the title outright and it would have gone to the Orange Bowl, instead of to the relatively minor Tangerine Bowl. And Oklahoma's dramatic last-minute win over Nebraska, which gave the Sooners their share of the title, would have meant nothing as far as the conference championship was concerned.

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On the other hand, there are James B. Barker and Steve Cain, who tied for 319th and last place in the men's money rankings in 1976 with earnings of \$76.85. And Sandy Barnhill, who played in 15 events on the Ladies PGA tour and won \$25. That averages out to \$1.67 a tournament. And don't caddies get 10%?

NOW HEAR THIS

Navy's football team, conquerors of Army, got all the ink, but the best worst record at Annapolis this fall belonged to a women's team, the first such at the Naval Academy. Men's varsity football was 4-7, cross-country 7-5, soccer 6-3-3, 150-pound football 4-2 and junior varsity cross-country 10-0, but the undefeated women's volleyball team won 11 matches in its very first season and topped that by winning the Maryland state small-college championship.

When the 131-year-old male-only tradition ended at the Academy last July, the 81 female middies (10 have since re-

continued



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SCORECARD continued

signed) were advised that they could try out for men's teams if they wanted to but otherwise would have to confine their athletic endeavors to intramural competition. But Lieut. (jg) Barbara Vittitoe, the women's physical education instructor, persuaded the Navy brass to let her start an intercollegiate women's volleyball team.

It was a brave move, for Vittitoe had never coached the sport before. She attended a few clinics, acquired a copy of Allen Seates' book *Winning Volleyball* and managed to stay one step ahead of her team of novices (only five of the 15-member squad had played the game in high school). Vittitoe recalls, "People kept asking me, 'Are we going to be competitive? Are we going to win?' Frankly, I had my doubts." But these were soon dispelled, and now the Navy women are taking up fencing and basketball. Will they be competitive? Will they win? "Well," says Vittitoe, "I'm a little discouraged. But then, I remember how awful the volleyball team looked that first week."

At West Point, which also has gone co-educational, there is a good men's basketball team, but the newly organized women's squad is getting the headlines. ARMY WOMEN IMPRESSIVE IN DEBUT blasted *The New York Times* after the Sugar Smacks (West Point cadets call themselves Smacks) beat Skidmore in their first game. "It's about time that women got the headlines," conceded a male military source, who preferred to keep his name top secret.

THEY SAID IT

- Paul Westphal, Phoenix Sun guard: "I'll always remember Tom Heinsohn's pep talks when I was with the Celtics. One time there were 72 bleeps in it—and it was Christmas Day."
- Alex Hawkins, recalling his playing days against Dick Butkus: "Whenever they gave him the game ball, he ate it."
- Richie Hebner, former Pittsburgh Pirate third baseman recently signed by the Philadelphia Phils, on his off-season occupation as a gravedigger: "I'm good at it. In 10 years no one's ever dug himself out of one of my graves yet."
- Henry Ransom, 65-year-old professional golfer, after shooting his age on a par-71 course in Bryan, Texas: "I shot a 65 there last year, too, but I was only 64 then."

END

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JUBILEE

Central Bank Kentucky 52 Kansas 33 Final

With Adolph Rupp on center stage (inset), Kentucky's undefeated Wildcats celebrated the dedication of a new arena in the old coach's name by overwhelming Kansas

by Barry McDermott



Last Saturday night anxious fingers tuned radio dials in Gap Tooth and Wet Rye. On a lonely mountain in eastern Kentucky, two men sharing a quart of moonshine pulled a coughing car to the edge of the road and listened. An executive, off duty from a Louisville boardroom, settled down in front of his fireplace to rekindle memories of Groza, Spivey and Hagan. A Rabbit Hash widow turned her radio upside down and placed it in the hallway for better reception. All across the state folks were ready for some of that good ol' time religion called Kain-tuck-ee basketball.

Through war and peace, good crops

and bad, this is the way it is in Kentucky, the state that gave us the hook shot, the center screen and the guard-around offense. Last week in Lexington it was a time for celebration, nostalgia and maybe a tear. The University of Kentucky began the week with a victory over Indiana, the defending national champion, and ended it with a crusher over Kansas. In the Kansas game the school dedicated the 23,000-seat Rupp Arena, the largest basketball facility in the country, and said perhaps its first goodbye to Adolph Rupp, the legend in the brown suit.

Now 75 and in failing health, Rupp was present Saturday night to see Kentucky defeat Kansas, ironically the old coach's alma mater. Rupp recently spent 25 days in the hospital, and as he stood before the crowd, his strength ebbing, it was an emotional scene. Over the years Kentucky fans rarely have had cause to bury their heads in their hands, but on this dramatic night some hid their eyes.

To understand Kentucky basketball, consider the marvel of a 23,000-seat arena in a farming and horse-breeding community of 200,000 people. The arena is part of a \$53 million complex called Lexington Center that includes a hotel, shopping mall and exhibition hall. Rupp Arena was sold out almost as soon as the first shovelful of earth was turned during construction. Rumor has it that there were 100,000 applications for tickets, so many that the last group had to be disbursed by lottery. When a block of 400 tickets was discovered and unexpectedly offered for sale, an eager crowd stood vigil outside the ticket office and people offered up to \$100 for a place in line.

This kind of enthusiasm might be anticipated even if Kentucky were destined for its first losing season since 1927. But basketball fever is rampant, because the Wildcats are one of the best and most physical teams in the country. The key to the season seems to be how well Coach Joe Hall is able to blend his two 6' 10" big men, Rick (King) Robey and Mike (Kong) Phillips, players that Kansas Coach Ted Owens said "will give you a smack just for the fun of doing it."

Phillips, in particular, is fun loving. He currently has several stitches in the corner of his left eye, a trophy from a fight

in the recent 103-53 laughter over Texas Christian. A quiet, well-mannered sort off the court, Phillips was ejected from the Mississippi State game last year and picked up a couple of technical fouls at Tennessee. "I get out of control sometimes," he says softly. Robey, meanwhile, nailed Kansas Forward Herb Nobles in the eye Saturday night, a blow that left Nobles with troubled vision the rest of the evening.

This two-fisted defense, sometimes called the Steal Curtain, has caused Kentucky opponents to commit an average of 25 turnovers a game. The only problem is that officials tend to raise their arms and blow their whistles whenever they see King or Kong so much as breathe. Against Indiana on Monday night, the pair was limited to cameo appearances because of foul trouble. The series between the two schools has been filled with acrimony, and the officials were loath to let it get out of control in front of the Bloomington, Ind. partisans. Between them, King and Kong played only 33 minutes. The Wildcats won easily, however, 66-51, thanks to the long jumper ICBMs of freshman Guard Jay Shidler, a rawboned, fearless sort who is nicknamed "White Lightning" because, as Hall notes, "He's a blond out of a bottle." Shidler peroxide his hair once a month.

Indiana looked as if it needed Quinn Buckner in the backcourt during the first half as it contended with the Kentucky 1-3-1 zone defense, the same one Rupp installed back in 1963, and a defense that is copied by high school coaches throughout the state. The young but talented Hoosiers had 15 turnovers in the half and were behind 38-21. Although they fared better in the second half by moving Kent Benson to the wing and using 6' 9" Scott Eells as a guard, they never really got back in the game. The defeat broke Indiana's 35-game home-court win streak and was only its third loss at Assembly Hall since 1972.

Kentucky's victory margin should have been larger. The Wildcats missed the front end of bonus free-throw situations nine times in the game, a criminal offense in Lexington. One year, after Mike Pratt missed his fourth free throw in a row, Rupp fell over backward in his chair.

That is the sort of incident that is savored throughout the state, discussed avidly along with the price of tobacco



Rick (King) Robey will attack anything that moves, as well as most things that don't, like the basket.

and cattle. Rupp was a caustic sort, called the Baron as much for his amperal manner as anything. His autocratic style caught on with the fans, who to this day are proud to point out that Kentucky players always say yes, sir and no, sir.

The team's appeal is such that an intrasquad game draws a standing-room-only crowd, and 5,000 fans have shown up to gawk at the players shooting around the morning of a Notre Dame game in Louisville. A fledgling private newspaper called *The Cats' Pause* that highlights UK sports already has subscribers from all 50 states and 13 foreign countries. Serious fans from the state's far reaches put extra food in the dogs' dishes and drive to Lexington to watch the Wildcats. V. A. Jackson, M.D., the team physician, often drove 330 miles each way from Clinton, Ky. before he moved to Lexington in 1964. The game against Kansas was the 173rd straight Kentucky game he had seen, and most days he is at team practice, reminiscing with a coterie of fans who chuckle at the Rupp stories that are passed about so much that the facts are worn smooth.

Even in his absence, Rupp may be contributing to Kentucky's victories. The vast arena named after him should do much to awe Southeastern Conference foes visiting Lexington. "It's intimidating," says Rick Robey.

Kentucky's current win streak of 14 games is the nation's longest and is immensely satisfying for Joe Hall, who took over for Rupp in 1972. After a 13-13 record in his second season, some UK adherents clamored for his removal. The team responded with a second-place finish in the 1975 NCAA tournament and a victory in last spring's NIT, although Robey missed the last half of the season with a knee injury. Having survived the gunfire, Hall now can joke about the bottle. Last week he said he was disappointed that he was not hired by UCLA to replace John Wooden. "Why ruin two men's lives?" he said.

Hall speaks slowly and thickly. He has a 160-acre farm where he raises corn, tobacco and cattle, and often takes recruits frog-gigging, but he's about as much a country dolt as Jimmy Dean. When Jay Shidler put up a hopeful 25-footer against Indiana, Hall screamed from the sidelines. Shidler looked at him contritely and said, "I'm sorry." The curator of basketball's Vatican called him over and

shook him as if to point out that being a UK player is never having to say I'm sorry. "I'm not colorful," says Hall, looking out behind plain glasses, "but it doesn't bother me."

As the team prepared for Kansas, which came to Lexington undefeated, Hall tried to get the players down from the penthouse and back to ground level after the Indiana win. At practice he chased freshman LaVon Williams all the way downcourt after the rookie half-stepped through a drill, and he yelled in disgust at senior Larry Johnson. "You coming to practice tomorrow? You sure aren't here today."

"Coach is hard on us sometimes, but he's not abusive," says Johnson, probably the team's most improved player and a valued member of its Seal Curtain. "There's a difference. He's constructive."

While Rupp Arena was under construction, its namesake said that all he desired was a preferred parking space and a halftime bratwurst sandwich at every game. For the meeting between Kentucky and Kansas, the two schools, with the most college victories, Rupp arrived wearing a white carnation in his brown suit. At halftime ceremonies he was helped to center court and surrounded by local and state politicians. Rupp was given a number of mementos and accolades, and the band played *Auld Lang Syne*. One gift was the game ball from the first half when Kentucky's pestering defense forced 17 turnovers and helped produce a 48-27 lead. "You ought to leave that ball on play because the boys seem to be doing mighty well with it," mused the Baron.

Kansas was in trouble most of the night as it tried to match power with Kentucky. One big Jayhawk, Ken Koenigs, played only seven minutes in the first half before committing his fifth foul, and the team's other giant, seven-footer Paul Mokeski, was whistled to the sidelines with his fifth after only three minutes of the second half. "We stress tight defense," said Jack Givens, who was the leading scorer against Kansas with 15 points. "We don't play to hurt anyone. It's just our aggressiveness."

Givens and his buddy James Lee grew up as friends in Lexington, where they picked up the respective nicknames of

"Silk" and "Steel." The muscular Lee is the team's sixth man and looks strong enough to break your arm with a dirty look. He made six of 10 shots against Kansas, including a play where he took a rebound and dribbled the length of the floor for a stuff shot, scattering bodies along the way. The final score was Kentucky 90, Kansas 63.

Rupp calls it the best team in the country, not the best in Kentucky history, of course, but a fine one still. That is good enough for the people in bluegrass country. The tobacco is in, the mares are in foal and Kentucky basketball is big again, an old time religion. **END**



But when it comes to physical contact, Mike (Lang) Phillips can be counted on to muscle in

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENZ KLUTENBER

A WAKE-UP CALL FOR THE FLYERS

Dormant for a while, Philadelphia is flying high once again, thanks to Goalie Bernie Parent's sweep of the Bruins

by Peter Gammons

What's the National Hockey League trying to do, revive interest in the game? After staging boring mismatches for more than two months, the NHL unaccountably returned to those thrilling days of yesteryear last week and gave its suffering faithful two prime match-ups—Philadelphia at Boston and Boston at Philadelphia—all within the space of 42 hours. At last, it was the mace and chain, the black and blue—and no Colorado Rockies to put you to sleep in between.

For Philadelphia it was a series of crisis proportions. Skating into the Boston Garden, where they had not won a regular-season game in more than nine years, the Flyers were mired in third



Healthy now, Parent is playing in the impeccable fashion that led Philadelphia to two Stanley Cups

place in the Patrick Division, five points behind the first-place New York Islanders, two behind Atlanta. "A lot of people have burned us for the season," said Bobby Clarke. Indeed, the Flyers were tying the games they had always won and losing the games they had always tied over the last three years, a period during which they won two Stanley Cups and reached the finals the other time.

Philadelphia had won only one of its 11 games away from the friendly Spectrum, eight times blowing victories or ties in the final period. This unaccustomed play had prompted Islander Goaltender Chico Resch to wonder "if the old Flyers' enthusiasm and bravado is still there." One thing was certain: the Dave Schultz-less Flyers were hardly hushing skulls like the Broad Street Bullies of recent years. They were spending almost seven fewer minutes per game in the penalty box than they had a year ago, and almost 10 fewer than in their vintage campaigns. While they were not quite ready to claim any Lady Byrd awards, the Flyers were so passive on the ice that some angry fans hung a banner reading: THE

ONLY CHECKS YOU SEE AROUND HERE ARE ON-PAYDAY

"The fact that we don't fight as much doesn't mean that the character of the team has changed," says Wing Gary Dornhoefer. "The character has not changed. The way we work, we're the same Flyers."

Still, there were problems. "There's no question we weren't playing well for a while," says Coach Fred Shero, "but it wasn't because of a lack of effort or enthusiasm. There were a lot of factors strung together that had us struggling." For one, Defenseman Joe Watson calls Philadelphia's training camp "the worst we've had in our 10 years." Four players reported late from the Canada Cup series, and two of them—Clarke and Defenseman Jimmy Watson—were injured and missed most of the camp. Schultz was traded to Los Angeles, and Shero had to bring in a new muscleman—Paul (Bam Bam) Holmgren. In an effort to add still more thump, Shero recently picked up 6'4", 215-pound Harvey (Too Tall) Bennett from Washington.

When the season began, Clarke game-



Unruffled, Parent sees better days ahead

ly tried to play with a sore heel, but performed so erratically that his line, with Bill Barber and Reggie Leach on the wings, was ineffective. Leach scored 61 goals last season, and Barber 50, but they had only seven and eight, respectively, the first two months. "I don't have the slightest idea what's going on," said Leach, who had become almost a total non-contributor because of his reluctance to do even minimal checking.

In the early games, too, Goaltender Bernie Parent rarely played like the Parent who had led the Flyers to their two Stanley Cups while establishing himself as the best in his business. Parent missed all but 11 games of the 1975-76 season after having an operation to correct a disc problem in his neck, and for a few weeks there was concern that Parent might never approach the performance level he had reached in Cup years.

"I think I will be my old self before long," Parent says. "After Montreal's Ken Dryden sat out a full year a few seasons back, he said it took him almost an entire season to get his form back. It does take that long. I wasn't right when this season started. My timing wasn't there. I was guessing on shots. I had a physical problem, too: I had to wear a special pad inside my right boot to protect a broken bone. And I always seemed to get very tired. It would take me a day and a half to recover from a game, and even in the games I was sluggish.

"The team had to suffer along with me. I think I cost us a couple of games in the beginning. I didn't make the big save, or I let in a few easy goals, and the guys had to be cautious." Parent has a career goals-against average of 2.43, but he gave up 19 goals in Philadelphia's first five games. Worse still, he was flopping to the ice, leaving rebounds and tripping all over himself as he moved about in the crease.

However, Parent was optimistic before Thursday night's game in Boston. Despite the salt-and-pepper beard and mustache he wears to go with his gray hair, he is still something of a youngster—at least by goaltender standards—at 31. "I've worked hard, and now I think I'm pretty close to being all the way back," he says. Parent worked out twice a day in the early season and even convinced Shero to let him practice in full equipment on game days. With Wayne Stephenson, who replaced Parent when

he was injured a year ago, opting for retirement after a contract squabble, Bernie had to play in 25 of Philadelphia's 26 games before the Boston series.

"I'm reaching the point where I'll need some rest pretty soon," Parent says. He may get it. Stephenson ended his retirement last week.

Boston had been having problems, too, winning only one of its previous five games, with the once-tight Bruin defense yielding 21 goals during that stretch. Boston had even lost a game at home for the first time in almost a year. Moreover, Brad Park, the Bruins' best defenseman, would have to watch both games from the stands because of a bad back. And the streaking Buffalo Sabres, who had ended the Bruins' 31-game unbeaten string on home ice with a 6-2 victory, were rapidly wiping out Boston's lead in the Adams Division race, which once had been as high as 10 points.

Nevertheless, the Bruins took an early 1-0 lead in the Garden when Wayne Cashman rerouted a long shot past the screened Parent. Capitalizing on Park's absence, Philadelphia exploited Boston's defensive weaknesses for two goals, and Parent preserved the Flyers' lead to the end. Late in the game it seemed almost certain that the Bruins would pull out a tie, but Parent twice robbed rookie Stan Jonathan at close range. Then Clarke scored, or was given credit for scoring, a very peculiar goal—or non-goal. With Boston Goaltender Gilles Gilbert on the bench in favor of a sixth attacker, Clarke broke in alone on the unattended Boston goal. Just as Clarke fired the puck, Bobby Schmautz of the Bruins illegally threw his stick at it—and Clarke's shot flew wide. Referee Bruce Hood properly awarded Clarke the goal for a 3-1 Flyer victory.

What impressed Shero more than the score was the fact that the Flyers had limited the Bruins to just 18 shots. The Flyers took only 16 shots themselves but, as Shero said, "It's not how many shots you take that counts, it's how many good shots you take. This was the first good game we've played on the road all year. When we play our game, we don't lose too often." What did not impress Shero, though, was the play of Leach, who spent most of the game on the bench, watching Holmgren and Bennett take regular turns. "He'll play when he starts to check," Shero said.

Shero would not even let Leach dress

for Saturday afternoon's rematch at the Spectrum. Boston again took an early lead, moving on top 3-1. The Bruins tried to put the Flyers away, but the nimble Parent stopped three breakaways and also survived one power-play barrage of six shots. "That stretch was the kind of lift Bernie always used to give us," said Barber. Inspired by Parent's work, the Flyers dominated the Bruins in the third period, outshooting them 16 to 2 and scoring two goals in the last three minutes to turn a 3-2 defeat into a 4-3 victory. Dornhoefer scored the tying goal, then stole the puck from Defenseman Dallas Smith and set up Barber for the winning goal, his second score of the game and 10th of the season. "Winning like this," said Joe Watson, "proves that we've got things rolling again."

The sweep completed, Clarke wiped the blood from a cut under his nose. He wore a satisfied grin. "Those people who buried us," he said, "I guess now they realize how tough it'll be to keep us in the coffin."

END

Clarke was bloodied but unbowed at series end



HOW TO MAKE THREE THE HARD WAY

If you're the Steelers, you win two straight Super Bowls and, going for a record third straight, lose four of your first five games. Now, as the playoffs begin, Baltimore tries to stop Pittsburgh; Oakland and L.A. look for revenge; Minnesota for redemption

Not even Pete Rozelle could have written a better script for the final weekend of the NFL's regular schedule. By routing the Dolphins 29-7 in sunny Miami, Minnesota gained the advantage of its frozen home field for however long it survives in the NFC playoffs. Under the dome in Houston, the Pittsburgh Steelers—left for dead nine weeks ago—beat the Oilers 21-0 for their ninth straight victory and now storm into the playoffs favored to win their third straight Super Bowl. In scenic East Rutherford, N.J., the St. Louis Cardinals—needing a win to keep their playoff hopes alive—scraped past the New York-New Jersey Giants 17-14. In Irving, Texas, the Washington Redskins,

aware of the St. Louis victory as they took to the Tarian Turf against the Dallas Cowboys, knew they had to win or Coach George Allen would have ice cream all over his face. Two touchdowns late in the final quarter earned the Redskins a playoff spot against the Vikings. Bye-bye, Birds. And in Baltimore, the Colts overran Buffalo 58-20 to wrap up the AFC East while the Bills' O. J. Simpson ran for 171 yards to finish with 1,503 and win his fourth NFL rushing championship. Chicago's Walter Payton, the leader most of the schedule, got only 49 yards against Denver before being sidelined with an ankle injury. Alas, Rozelle's playoff script has no parts for Simpson or Payton.

AMERICAN CONFERENCE

by Ron Reid

MARK IS ON, OAKLAND IS SET TO GO

The last time they faced each other, 11 weeks ago in Foxboro, New England ravaged Oakland 48-17—the only loss the Raiders suffered all season—and blocked Coach John Madden's defensive line into a state of shock, not to mention the state of Rhode Island. Patriot fans, however, are advised not to wager their bean pots that Saturday's playoff rematch will be a similar rout—or even a victory. Oakland has the home-field advantage. Ken Stabler's magical left arm and the sticky mitts of Receivers Dave Casper, Fred Biletnikoff and Clifford Branch. Be it ever so humble, the Oakland Coliseum is where the Raiders have won no less than 85.7% of their regular-season games and seven of nine playoff contests over the last decade. What's humbling for Oakland opponents is Stabler's aerial show. He threw nine touchdown passes this season to both Casper and Branch, and seven to Biletnikoff.

Of course, there are ifs. If the youthful and inexperienced Patriots score first,



The Raiders need van Egghen's rushing to keep New England's defenses honest for Stabler's passes.

control the ball on the ground and avoid turnovers—which they did in their 48-17 triumph—they could win again. Also, the young New England secondary, featuring rookies Mike Haynes and Tim Fox, has shown little or no respect for passers with Stabler's reputation; in fact, the Patriots have 11 interceptions in their last four games, and Haynes has eight for the season. Finally, for Stabler to excel, Mark van Egghen must provide tough inside running to keep the Patriots honest.

Van Egghen is a New England man for Oakland's New England job. Raised in Cranston, R.I., where he still resides,

van Egghen attended Colgate and now, in his third NFL season, has replaced an other Colgate man, the injured Marv Hubbard, as the Raider fullback. "Mark's an emotional, high-strung person," Madden says, "and he used to get a little too tense and then try too hard. But in our last six or seven games he's finally learned to lose some of his tightness." The 6'2", 225-pound van Egghen rushed for 1,012 yards this season and also provided Stabler with solid pass blocking.

"We pass so much on first and second down," van Egghen says, "that it helps the run a lot. But if we can run on first

down to get second and three or something like that, that gives Stabler quite an arsenal to work with. We can do just about anything then," Van Eeghen says his favorite play is "anything that is blocked well," but that his specialty is the "68 or 69 Boom Man," in which the halfback goes after the outside linebacker, the line fires ahead in basic man-to-man blocking and van Eeghen takes off. "I get the ball and have a chance to cut it anywhere from over the guard to around the end," he says. "For a long time I was guilty of premeditating where I should go on the play, but as I've gotten used to my position, I've run it better. You can get big gains if you can bend the play back around the middle and get all the flow going the other way."

While van Eeghen is the main man in Oakland's ground game, New England has at least three quality runners. Sam (Bum) Cunningham, healthy again after shoulder troubles, and Don Calhoun provided the Patriots with 1,545 yards from one rushing position, and Quarterback Steve Grogan set an NFL record by running for 12 touchdowns. Tight End Russ

Francis, who has been bothered by a pulled hamstring for several weeks. Guard John Hannah and Center Bill Lenkaitis head the blocking brigade that devastated Oakland's "Orange" defense—the same 3-4 alignment that New England uses—in October.

"If the Patriots are coming in here expecting to see the same team they beat in New England, they're going to be highly disappointed," says Raider Safety George Atkinson. Madden has changed some bodies since Foxboro. The most significant alteration is at left end, where John Matuszak, a 6' 8", 280-pound bust in Houston, Kansas City and Washington, has replaced rookie Charles Phillyaw and provided the Raiders with an instant pass rush. Dave Rowe, rejected by the Patriots and three other clubs, and Otis Sistrunk work with Matuszak up front. Journeyman Willie Hall has been a big surprise at inside linebacker, playing so well that Madden has never considered reverting to the standard 4-3 setup. And the Mad Stork, 6' 7" Ted Hendricks, has settled down at outside right linebacker after a shaky start.

Grogan, though, can unseal even the most settled defenses because of his knack—and penchant—for running with the ball. To contain Grogan, the Raiders must close off the ends and force him into the middle, where there are more large bodies to impede his progress.

Playing Oakland in Oakland is a tough assignment for a team making its first postseason appearance since 1963, and New England's task will be even tougher with Madden reminding his Raiders that the Patriots cost them a perfect season and considerable dignity. Madden will probably do his best Lombardi imitation before the game because some of the Raiders may be overlooking the Patriots and dreaming about an AFC championship game at home the following weekend against their buddies from Pittsburgh. Atkinson, for one, seems to be dismissing the Patriots entirely. "It will be good to dethrone the Steelers as world champs," he says. Still, the Patriots come first. If van Eeghen runs well—and opens the passing lanes for Stabler and his trio of receivers—the Patriots will probably be run out of town.

FOR THE COLTS, RIGHT IS MIGHT

The Steelers, meanwhile, recovered from all their early-season identity crises—and a horrendous 1-4 start—to win their last nine games, just as Baltimore did a year ago. Pittsburgh's Steel Curtain was indomitable during that winning

streak: Mean Joe Greene, L. C. Greenwood, Smilin' Jack Lambert and friends had five shutouts and did not allow the opposition a touchdown in eight of the nine victories. Offensively, rookie Mike Kruczek replaced the injured Terry Bradshaw.

continued

"Last year, I don't think we were entirely comfortable about being in the playoffs," says Baltimore Coach Ted Marchibroda. "We probably were a little too young as a team, and I think the playoffs may have come up too soon for us." The Steelers promptly bounced the Colts from that postseason frolic, and when the two teams square away again on Sunday—this time in Baltimore—Marchibroda will discover that his club finally has come of age—or that the playoffs have come too late.

Analyzing late-season games, one suspects that time may again be out of joint for the Colts. They finished 11-3 but lost two of their last five games—to New England and St. Louis, both by a touchdown—when Quarterback Bert Jones and the explosive Colt offense had a lamentable number of turnovers.

Right Tackle George Kuntz must keep the Steelers off Bert Jones' back and Ledeř Mitchell on his feet.



shaw at quarterback and led the Steelers to six wins by simply handing the ball off to Franco Harris or Rocky Bleier, both of whom ran for more than 1,000 yards. Now Bradshaw is back in one piece, and the often spectacular Wide Receiver Lynn Swann has rejoined the Pittsburgh attack, too.

Bradshaw, though, will not be the best quarterback from Louisiana on the field, at least not at the opening kickoff. Jones, the 25-year-old snuff dipper who is a neighbor of Bradshaw's back home, completed 207 of 343 passes for 3,104 yards and 24 touchdowns this season. As always, he will try to strike Pittsburgh's low-yield defense with the big play. Jones' favorite target is Roger Carr, the swift wide receiver, who caught 11 TD passes and averaged 25.9 yards per reception. Lydell Mitchell is the Baltimore running attack: he rushed for 1,200 yards, second only to O.J. in the conference and 72 yards more than Penn State classmate Harris gained for the Steelers.

How much success Jones, Carr and Mitchell have against Pittsburgh may well depend on the result of an All-Pro matchup between Colt Right Tackle George Kunz and Steeler Defensive End L. C. Greenwood. Mitchell runs mostly to the right side, behind the blocking of the 6'6", 266-pound Kunz, and Jones will count on Kunz to keep the 6'7", 250-pound Greenwood off his back

when he sets up to find Carr downfield.

"Greenwood has been a tough opponent for me because of his exceptional reach," Kunz admits. "He's got long arms, and it's difficult to lock him up. The best way to handle someone like Greenwood on pass blocking is to drop off the ball and see what stunts he's using. Then it's a matter of trying to keep him away from Bert the best way possible. If he decides to grab, I'll just try to keep away from him while keeping him away from Bert. If he doesn't grab, I may want to stay up in his face so he won't be able to see what kind of play is developing. Basically, you see what he does best, then you try to take it away."

Kunz, a cum laude graduate of Notre Dame who spent six seasons in seclusion at Atlanta before joining the Colts last year in the deal that allowed the Falcons to draft Quarterback Steve Bartkowski, considers pass blocking his most important function. "On running plays I can make a mistake and maybe we'll still get a few yards," he says. "If I make a mistake on a passing play, the other team gets a sack. Running is something we do to help us prepare to pass. If a team can't stop us on the ground, they'll try to put more manpower on the line, and that's when we throw it over the top. If we can move the ball down the field five or six yards a play on the ground, that's great. That means we'll score. But the

minute a team tries to shut us down to two or three yards a play, it means they've got more people up close to the line, and that's when we get our big plays."

Despite Baltimore's success, Kunz has little renown. He says, however, that he has come to terms with his lack of celebrity. "Quantitatively, Bert Jones is known by just about everyone in the country, and that's a lot of people," he says. "Qualitatively, the people who know football know our offensive line and know me. Actually, it has never really bothered me because all I've ever wanted to do is play."

This outlook helped Kunz win his wife, Mary Sue. They met in 1969 when she jumped into the swimming pool at an Atlanta hotel and landed on George. Kunz was in Atlanta to play in the Coaches All-America game, and Mary Sue was the queen of the game. "I really wanted to take her out," he says, "but I was flat broke because my bonus check from the Falcons hadn't come. So finally I said to her, 'Listen, I've got 32¢. Would you care to go for an ice-cream cone?'"

Kunz is equally forthright about the Colts. "We're one of the better teams in football," he says, "but we'll have to pick up the level of our performance if we hope to get to the Super Bowl."

The Colts have a lot going for them, but timing and fate seem firmly aligned with the Steelers.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE

by Joe Marshall

IN MINNESOTA THEY GET THEIR KICKS

In a win over the New York Giants earlier this year, Minnesota Cornerback Nate Allen caught a blocked punt and ran for a touchdown. In his excitement, though, Allen committed a cardinal sin for a Bud Grant-coached player. He spiked the football.

Allen smiles thinly now when he discusses the—ahem—incident. "All of a sudden everything went hush," he says. "At our next meeting Coach Grant got on my case. He said, 'Everybody has a chance, one chance, to spike the ball. Now we all know Nate's a jubilant fellow, but, Nate, you've had your chance.'" Allen pauses. "Chuck Foreman and some of the other guys," he says, "are waiting to spike their ball in the Super Bowl."

Of course, Minnesota first must reach Pasadena. Luckily, the 1976 Vikings, who

play the dogged Washington Redskins Saturday on the Minnesota tundra in a game that likely will be won—or lost—by the special teams, are not closely related to the Vikings who lost the 1970, 1974 and 1975 Super Bowl games. Indeed, Grant has added 25 new players to the Vikings' roster during the last two seasons, retaining only the vital cogs: Quarterback Fran Tarkenton, Running Back Chuck Foreman and such linemen as Alan Page, Jim Marshall, Carl Eller and Ron Yary.

Along the way, the Vikings developed a funny offense that is heretical to NFL doctrine. Most teams establish ball control by running the ball all day. Not the Vikings. Tarkenton maintains ball control by keeping it airborne, mixing short flaps to Foreman with bombs to Ahmad



The Vikings' special teams blocked 13 kicks this season and were directly responsible for victories over Chicago and Detroit and a tie with Los Angeles

Rashad and rookie Sammie White. Minnesota threw more passes this season than any team except Seattle. There is a good reason: despite the fact that Foreman rushed for more than 1,000 yards for the second time, the Vikings don't have a consistent running game. And with Tarkenton, the pass is as safe as the run. He had the lowest interception rate (1.9%) in the NFC this year.

Washington was supposed to have the most bruising running attack in the league this season, but free agents John Riggins and Calvin Hill combined for only 873 yards—about 2,000 yards short of what Coach George Allen expected

when he spent more than \$1.5 million to sign them. The Redskins' best runner was Mike Thomas, the lowly paid—at least by his teammates' standards—but superb second-year man who gained 1,101 yards. If the Redskins hope to upset Minnesota, they will need strong running from Thomas, Riggins and Hill. The Vikings have a good pass defense and Washington Quarterbacks Billy Kilmer and Joe Theismann lack Tarkenton's accuracy. Minnesota's rushing defense, on the other hand, is just about the worst in the league. Delvin Williams and Wilbur Jackson of the San Francisco 49ers each gained more than

150 yards against it three weeks ago.

For years, Allen's teams have had excellent special units, but the Redskins will meet their match in the Vikings. Blocked extra points preserved Minnesota's one-point victories over Chicago and Detroit, and a blocked field goal saved a 10-10 tie with Los Angeles. In all, the Vikings batted down 13 kicks in 1976.

Nate Allen, acquired from San Francisco in August, blocked the Detroit extra point and the L.A. field goal. A five-year veteran, Allen has been a regular on special teams, but had never blocked a kick until he joined the Vikings.

When Minnesota's opponents line up

continued

for a field goal or extra point, the Vikings overload their defense to one side. Allen is the outside man on the overloaded side. This leaves the opposition's outside man, or wingman, with two Vikings to block. Moving from the outside, Allen can get to the ball only if he makes a quick start and encounters no resistance en route. A brush block with an elbow is enough to prevent him from reaching the ball. The wingman, then, has two jobs: he must keep the man inside Allen. Linebacker Wally Hilgenberg, at bay and also get a piece of Allen. Hilgenberg tries to exert enough pressure to the inside to keep the wingman from touching Allen on his outside rush. Hilgenberg succeeded against the Lions and the Rams, and Allen had his blocked kicks.

The Vikings also have great success blocking kicks in the middle of their line.

The strategy there is a little different. The big men up front, like Page and Eller, try to force as much penetration as possible, and 6' 5" Linebacker Matt Blair, who can leap high enough to touch the top of a basketball backboard, vaults off the ground and tries to bat down the kick, like Bill Walton rejecting a jump shot. Page blocked three conversions and two field goals this year, while Blair stopped two conversions, including the decisive kick in the game against the Bears.

Washington's special teams feature punt-and-kick-returner Eddie Brown, a Cleveland Browns' reject who led the NFL with a 13.5-yard return average for 48 punts, and kick-blocker Bill Malinchak. Malinchak was cut by the Redskins before the 1975 season and went to work as a stockbroker in Washington. Looking for some inspiration, as usual, George

Allen re-signed Malinchak in November after the Redskins' 11th game. "He's got at least one more great play left in him," Allen said. Malinchak proved Allen correct last Sunday when he blocked a Danny White punt to give the Redskins the opportunity for an early field goal in their defeat of Dallas.

As most Viking opponents now do, the Redskins no doubt will assign someone with a large body to play opposite the 5' 10", 169-pound Nate Allen on kicks. "I get scared sometimes when I see these people," Allen says. "How do you think it feels for a little guy like me, knowing I may get my head knocked off, my legs whipped, my side punched or my chest crunched in?" Allen pauses. "Of course, it doesn't hurt when you block a kick," he says. "It feels real good." Just don't spike the ball. Nate.

DREW WILL DRAW A CROWD OF RAMS



Dallas' Mr. Clutch led the NFC with 58 catches

Like Oakland, the Los Angeles Rams will be seeking revenge when they play at Dallas on Sunday. In last year's NFC championship game, the underdog Cowboys thrashed the Rams 37-7 right in the shadow of their own peristyle. In fact, the Cowboys destroyed the Rams so quickly that Quarterback Roger Staubach never had to call on Drew Pearson, the NFL's Mr. Clutch, to make one of his routinely spectacular game-winning receptions in the final seconds. So the bad news for the Rams is that Staubach and Pearson may feel they owe them one.

More bad news for the Rams is that Pat Haden, the Rhodes scholar who had won Coach Chuck Knox' quarterback derby over James Harris and Ron Jaworski, probably will miss the Dallas game because of a stretched ligament in his right knee, an injury he suffered early in last Saturday night's game in Detroit. Harris replaced Haden and rallied the Rams to a 20-17 victory, and he no doubt will start against the Cowboys. Throughout this season of the revolving quarterback, the Rams coped by doing what they do better than any other NFC team: running the football. Lawrence McCutcheon gained more than 1,000 yards for the third time in four years, and John Cappelletti emerged as a consistent threat alongside McCutcheon. The only people who stopped the Ram runners were the Ram runners: Los Angeles lost 21 fun-

bles, with McCutcheon contributing 10. Last year the Rams tied for the fewest fumbles lost in the league, eight.

Fumbles weren't what stopped the Cowboy runners this year; they just were not terribly good. It didn't help that Robert Newhouse, their leading rusher in 1975, was bothered by a groin pull and gained only 450 yards. Coach Tom Landry probably will continue to shuffle five backs, hoping one of them will break loose, but the Rams had the best defense against the rush in the NFC. What all this means is that Landry will send in a lot of passing plays to Staubach. This season Staubach threw more passes (360), completed more (198) and gained more yards (2,715) than he ever had before.

As always, Staubach's main target will be the ubiquitous Drew Pearson, who won his first NFC receiving title this year with 58 catches. "In the 10 years I've been here," says Dan Reeves, the former running back who now coaches the Dallas receivers, "Drew has made more big plays than any other Cowboy."

Pearson, who was named after the late Washington columnist, does not appreciate his "Mr. Clutch" reputation. "I want to be known as a consistent receiver," he says. "If I'm thought of as being consistent, clutch plays will be included in that." Pearson should be granted his wish: during the last three seasons he has caught more passes (166) than any wide receiver in the NFL.

continued



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One of seven free agents on the Dallas roster, Pearson claims he signed with the Cowboys in 1973 because "I saw that they gave free agents a chance to show what they could do." A T-formation quarterback at South River (N.J.) High School, where as a sophomore he backed up Joe Theismann, Pearson was switched to flanker at Tulsa University but rarely saw the football because Tulsa used the wishbone. Ignored in the draft, Pearson moved to Dallas before the 1973 training camp opened and spent a month working out with Staubach. "We knew we had a receiver in Pearson before we even got to camp," Landry says now. Nevertheless, the Cowboys put Pearson's name on the waiver list during training camp. When Chicago claimed Pearson, however, Dallas had second thoughts and kept him.

While most receivers depend on speed or hands—or both—Pearson's main attribute is "position." "It's hard to be intercepted when you're throwing to Drew," says Reeves, "because he always positions his body in such a way that he shields the ball from the defensive back." Staubach maintains that Pearson is "the best receiver I've ever thrown to. He has the most guts of anyone I've ever known. He'll catch the ball with people coming in to knock his head off. A lot of receivers will flinch in those circumstances, but not Drew."

Pearson's knack for positioning is a carry-over from his high school basketball career. When Pearson outmaneuvered Minnesota's Nate Wright to make the impossible catch that gave the Cowboys a 17-14 victory in last season's playoffs, Viking Coach Bud Grant, a former NBA player, applauded Pearson for making "a real smart basketball player's move, a professional move."

Although Pearson downplays his clutch catches, he admits, "When I'm getting mentally ready for a game, I envision myself making the big play. I don't think you can make those plays if you don't envision yourself in them."

Pearson almost invariably gets double coverage, and against the Rams he frequently will be head-to-head against Cornerback Monte Jackson, the NFL's leading interceptor with 10. Will Jackson scare Staubach away from Pearson? "When all is said and done," Reeves says, "a quarterback always goes to the man he has the most confidence in." And Pearson owes one to the Rams. **END**

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From Olympian and other heights came the candidates: Klammer and Comneci, Young and Jenner, Nicklaus and Morgan, Dr. J and Tony D. If it was a very good year for men, it was a spectacular one for women. For the 21-year-old on the opposite page it was a year of such distinction that she became the outstanding athlete of them all. Because she dominated her game as no other man or woman did in any sport, she is Sportswoman of the Year for 1976.

THE COURT BELONGS TO CHRIS

by SARAH PILEGGI

About a year ago a tennis magazine asked the playing pros to rate the best strokes in the game. The consensus gave the women's forehand to Martina Redondo, the backhand to Evonne Goolagong, the volleys to Martina Navratilova on the forehand and Goolagong on the backhand, the serve to Virginia Wade and the overhead to Rosie Casals.

And what of Chris Evert, the best woman player in the world for three years, the winner of two Wimbledons, two U.S. Opens, two French Opens, two Italian Opens, three Virginia Slams championships and 101 consecutive matches on clay? What about the depth and pace and accuracy of her ground strokes? What about that impenetrable backhand that has young girls from Long Island to Long Beach hitting out with both fists?

The answer is that there are players who are stronger than Evert and more naturally talented athletes than Evert and more explosive volleyers than Evert. What Evert has more of, what makes her a champion who each year moves farther and farther beyond the reach of mortal tennis players, is grit. Chris Evert has true grit. Character. Mental tenacity. She is a clear thinker in a thoughtful game. And she never gives up.

"She won't carry anyone and she'll never tank a match," says TV's Bud Collins. "She's the ultimate professional."

"She concentrates to the last point," says Margaret Court. "It makes her a cham-

continued





SHEILA YOUNG, who skated to three medals at the Winter Olympics, is a cyclist in summer and the only athlete to hold world titles in two sports.

KORNELIA ENDER buoyed the efforts of the East German swimmers with her four gold medals in Montreal, two of which came 25 minutes apart.



ROSI MITTERMAIER took the downhill and slalom at Innsbruck and came within an eyelash of adding the giant slalom to her gold-medal haul.



JUDY RANKIN passed the \$100,000 mark and kept right on going, winning six tournaments, \$150,734 and finishing in the top ten 19 times.



DOROTHY HAMILL, a winsome winner in figure skating at Innsbruck and at the world championship, now stops the show with the Ice Capades.



NADIA COMANECI scored a perfect 10 seven times at Montreal and went home to Romania laden with three gold medals, a silver and a bronze

pron. Even when she is losing she concentrates and doesn't give up."

In the San Francisco Slims tournament last March, Evert met Redondo, the California 20-year-old with the big forehead, in the semifinals. Maista was high, having beaten No. 3-ranked Virginia Wade the night before, and was playing well. Evert was tired from three tournaments in a row and was playing lethargically. The crowd was with Redondo; it uproariously cheered Evert's every mistake. The players split the first two sets, both decided by tie-breakers, and suddenly Evert was down 5-1 in the third set.

Now, the Redondo match was not one of the most significant of Evert's career, or even of the year, and the circumstances—a fired-up opponent, a bloodthirsty crowd, a four-game deficit in the deciding set—would have led even the greatest of players to thoughts of room service and the late show. But Evert is an artisan and tennis is her craft, and will is the most precious of her tools. She drew herself together, won five of the next six games, won the tie-breaker and won the match—and the killer crowd gave her a thundering ovation. It was now 11 p.m. At midnight she played doubles, and at noon the next day, in a final match scheduled early for TV, she beat Goolagong 7-5, 7-6.

On her record Evert has been the best woman tennis player in the world since 1974, the year she won her first Wimbledon singles title. In the last three years she has won 44 of the 62 tournaments she has entered, and her career record against the foremost players in the game reads as follows: Evert 18-Goolagong 11; Evert 8-King 7; Evert 7-Court 4; Evert 20-Wade 4; Evert 19-Casals 1; Evert 15-Navratilova 3. Only Nancy Richey is even at 5-5.

But acceptance of Evert has been gradual and always a bit grudging, rather like what Jack Nicklaus went through before the sheer weight of his accomplishments broke through the resistance of public and press. Just as Nicklaus' galleries would gasp in wonder at the power of his drives and then root for Arnold Palmer to whip him, so tennis crowds, while properly awed by the tenacity of Evert's baseline game, love to see her beaten. It is as though they imagine themselves across the net, rendered impotent by her devastating consistency.

Evert's peers have dwelt at such length on her powers of concentration and so little on her strokes that one could be forgiven for having this impression: while everyone else is playing tennis, Evert takes an unfair advantage by resorting to another game, some sort of mystical hybrid made up of one part backhand to nine parts concentration.

But 1976 has done it: the last of the skeptics has been won over. Natasha Chmyreva, the 18-year-old Russian who gave Evert a scare in the Slims tournament in Houston early in the year, said, "Chris is so great because when she misses the looks around as if something is wrong." Said Virginia Wade, after losing 6-1, 6-2 in Washington last January, "I don't want to play Chris again for a long time. When you play Chris, you tend to disappear." Navratilova, after Evert and Goolagong the best on clay "When girls play her on clay they think of how many games they might win, not about winning the match."

"I think she'll be the greatest woman player ever to hit

the ball," said Bud Collins. "If she gets her volley down, they can close the tournaments."

With Margaret Court and Billie Jean King more or less retired, only Evonne Goolagong remained this year to challenge Evert's hegemony. Ever since 1972 when the two—Evert, 17, and Goolagong, 20—met for the first time in a semifinal at Wimbledon, their matches have been among the best attractions in tennis. Goolagong was "the utterly care-free strokemaker" and Evert "the best-schooled competitor America has produced since Maureen Connolly," and Goolagong won in three memorable sets, 4-6, 6-3, 6-4.

Through 1974 Goolagong won their important matches, but in 1975 the tide turned. When they met in the final at Forest Hills, the No. 1 ranking was at stake and this time Evert won. But because Forest Hills had that year converted from grass to Har-Tru, a claylike surface, many Goolagong supporters, and a lot of other people, saw the victory as only another inevitable Evert win on clay.

As 1976 began, Evert was on a 35-match winning streak dating back to Wimbledon in July, and she had won her last five matches with Goolagong. Their lifetime competition stood at 13-9 in Chris' favor. Nevertheless the talk was that this might be Goolagong's year—that she was playing the best tennis of her life, that her marriage had worked wonders for her confidence and that those notorious and unpredictable lipsets that had kept her from reaching her potential were a thing of the past.

Eleven tournaments preceded the first major event, the Virginia Slims championship in Los Angeles in April, and of those 11, Goolagong won five and Evert five. On paper the rivalry looked even, but in fact it was not. Evert had beaten Goolagong three of the four times they had met—but she had also lost a first-round match in Boston the last week of March to Dianne Fromholtz of Australia, 2-6, 6-2, 6-3. It was her first loss in the first round since 1971, when she was 16. The next week in Philadelphia Evert lost again, this time to Goolagong in the final, 6-3, 7-6.

"Losing in the first round in Boston was a terrible feeling and a great feeling," says Evert. "It meant I had the whole week to myself. I was disappointed, but I was relieved, too. Losses are always a relief. They take a great burden off me, make me feel more normal. If I win several tournaments in a row I get so confident I'm in a cloud. If I lose, I go back to the dressing room and I'm no better or worse than anyone else. A loss gets me eager again."

Two losses in a row, however, left her somewhat shaken. In the weeklong break between Philadelphia and the Slims championship she went home to Fort Lauderdale and worked with her father, mainly on her forehand. Her confidence had returned by the time she reached Los Angeles, but it was not enough to get her past Goolagong, who was playing at her peak. Evonne won 6-3, 5-7, 6-3.

"L.A. was so close," says Chris. "It could have gone either way. I was confident enough to beat her, but she played better than I did. She had me on the ropes. I made Wimbledon my goal after that. It was the first time in my whole life I had set a specific goal for myself. I had never said I was going to win this tournament."

"I've had a good time this year. For the first time, I'm a

continued

lot happier than I used to be. But maybe my tennis went down a notch or two for a while."

The World Team Tennis season begins in May and barnstorms its way through to the end of summer, Wimbledon coming just past its midway point. Chris had signed with the Phoenix Racquets for 1976 and now she looked to the Racquets to get her ready for the big one. She worked out with the team every day from four until six and then she would stay on another hour, playing sets with Coach Tony Roche and talking about Wimbledon. She enjoyed team tennis, the camaraderie, the shared victories, the novelty of crowds pulling for rather than against her.

"The first half of the team tennis season was the best I've ever played," she says. "I lost once in 22 matches. I didn't know before what training really was. After playing three hours a day and with men, I was strong and eager."

Goolagong, too, had reason to be confident approaching the final at Wimbledon. She was playing the best, most consistent tennis of her life. She was making fewer unforced errors than ever before. She had cut down on her loose points. Her second serve, which had tended to lack depth, to sit up a bit, was improved. Her backhand, first serve and backhand volley, which had always been superb, seemed even better. Her semifinal match against Wade had been a walk-over, 6-1, 6-2; she had beaten Evert all four times they had played on grass; and she had the wholehearted backing of the British press and fans.

Evert, by contrast, had a difficult three-set match against Navratilova in the semifinals. In her five previous matches she had lost only 10 games in all, but against Martina she dropped 13. And the press was giving her a going-over.

"They said I wasn't playing well, that Evonne was at her peak," Evert recalls. "Wimbledon is like that. You have to overcome a lot of things. They'd write something nice one day, and I'd think maybe they like me a little, and then they'd rip me. I had to stop reading the papers."

Like their Slims match, the Wimbledon final was close, but it was less a display of great tennis than a battle of nerves. "It was the first time I ever saw Evonne nervous," says Evert. "Looking across the net at her I saw strain on her face and I knew she wanted to win it very badly. It made me a little more confident. Usually it had been the other way around."

Evert took the first set 6-3, Goolagong the second 6-4. In the third set they broke serves back and forth until Chris found herself down 5-6 and serving to save the match. "I was almost defeated then in my mind," she says. "I remember looking up in the stands and seeing Rosie Casals. I sort of shrugged, and she pointed toward the net."

Taking Casals' advice, Chris went to the net three times in that game and each time she did, she won the point. "I'm fairly confident about my volley these days," she says, "but still, getting up there during the finals at Wimbledon is tough."

Evonne lost her next serve, and finally Chris, leading 7-6 and 40-30, flicked a perfectly disguised backhand top-spin lob crosscourt to Evonne's backhand corner, a foot or so inside the baseline. The shot caught Goolagong leaning in a little, anticipating a passing shot, and the match was

over. Evert tossed her racket into the air and beamed broadly.

"I can't tell you exactly what I was thinking," she says, "but I felt like saying something to those people. Then I thought of my father and how I wanted to get off the court and call him. I miss having him around to share in my happiness. He can't take it. They would have had to carry him out. We are really alike. Boy, are we emotional!"

At Forest Hills, back among friends, family and countrymen, Evert was utterly relaxed and confident. She says she knew she was going to win it after her first match. For the record, she beat Greer Stevens 6-0, 6-1; Glynis Coles 6-0, 6-0; Sue Barker 6-1, 6-0; Natasha Chmyreva 6-1, 6-2; Mima Jausovec 6-3, 6-1; and, finally, Goolagong 6-3, 6-0. That is 12 games lost out of 84, in the U.S. Open. It is not the sort of thing one is likely to see soon again.

Two years ago Evert estimated that she had reached 70% of her potential. Today, two U.S. Opens and a Wimbledon later, she says, "Mentally I don't think I could get much tougher. I'd just crack. Physically I still have weaknesses. I think I have the best ground strokes in the game, but 10 women have better serves. To improve I'd have to get stronger. With three months to work on it I could, but I don't have three months. And then there's my volley. Playing doubles has forced me to go to the net and my volley has improved, but you can't expect to improve much in a year or two. After all, I began hitting ground strokes at six and volleys at 18."

Chris is going home to Fort Lauderdale for Christmas. She is going to hit balls every day for a month with her little sister Clark, who is nine, and she is going to help her 15-year-old brother Johnny get ready for the Orange Bowl Juniors "and not worry about whether my volley is going in. Just worry about his game."

There are aspects of her life as a professional tennis player that worry her, the self-absorption that is necessary, the distance that must be maintained between rivals who might otherwise be friends, the moodiness that overcomes her during a tournament and causes her sometimes to snap at people she loves.

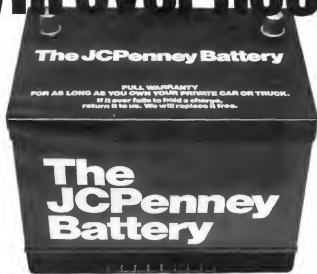
"Rose told me that Billie Jean was the same way. 'You both know what you have to do,' Rosie said. 'If you were any different you'd be No. 20 in the world.' Maybe it means I care a lot."

Off the court Chris Evert is an honest, friendly, likable, intelligent, unassuming 21-year-old millionaire superstar. On the court, she is the best female tennis player any of us is going to see for a very long time. And boy, does she care.

Of all the things that have grown out of the bloodless revolution in women's affairs that has been going on for a decade, the most significant is options. Freedom lies in having options, and nowhere has the increase in the number of options for women been more dramatic than in sport. Gone are the days when the closest a girl could get to organized sport was the cheerleaders' bench. Girls have become participants instead of spectators and the people who have helped to raise their aspirations, and who by their performances have made 1976 unforgettable for all of us, are

continued

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the ones who have demanded the utmost of themselves, champions such as these.

One of the nicest sights of the 1976 Winter Olympics was that of a French girl and a West German girl hoisting a Canadian girl to their shoulders and all three of them grinning delightedly. The moment, frozen by hundreds of cameras, bore the mark of Mittermaier just as the whole glorious Innsbruck spectacle had. It spoke of sport that is fun and competition that is its own reward. Rosi had just been beaten, by .12 of a second, out of a third gold medal, which would have made her the first woman ever to sweep the Olympic Alpine events, and there she was, saluting her conqueror, with happiness all over her dimpled face.

Earlier, plunging down a treacherous course, aiming at a seemingly unbeatable time recorded moments before by Brigitte Totschinger of Austria, Rosi won the first major downhill race of her 10-year career. Next she won her specialty, the slalom—101 gates and 1,312 icy feet that knocked out all but 19 of the 42 starters. Then, with the world wishing her well, came her silver in the giant slalom.

A few months later, having added the World Cup to her Olympic medals, 26-year-old Mittermaier retired. They were already calling her "grandmother." "I prefer they not start calling me great-grandmother," she said.

Try to think of women who have performed on a world-class level in more than one sport and you get as far as Babe Zaharias. Try to come up with anyone who has held world championships simultaneously in two sports and you get Sheila Young, speed skater and cyclist, plus a turn-of-the-century Dutchman who did it in the same sports.

In Innsbruck Young won the gold medal in the 500 meters, her specialty, the silver in the 1,500 and the bronze in the 1,000. No American had ever won three medals in Winter Olympic competition. At the World Sprint Championships in Berlin in March she swept all four races at 500 and 1,000 meters and won the gold medal for the third time.

Then, in the cycling season, at the World Sprint Championships in Italy, Young upset the defending champion for her second world sprint title. The first was in Spain in 1973 when her opponent had caused her to crash in the first heat. Young came back in the rerun, cut and bandaged, with surgical clamps holding together a gash in her scalp, and won in straight heats. An owed reporter said, "She must have been the toughest girl in the world."

What began on a frozen pond in Riverside, Conn., culminated 11 years later on the victory stand in Innsbruck when 19-year-old Dorothy Hamill smiled demurely and myopically out at an admiring world beyond the lights.

She has been called "captivating," "winsome" and "am-peccable," all of which overlooks the fact that first of all she is a profoundly dedicated athlete. Seven hours a day, six days a week, for three years she prepared herself for Innsbruck. "On the seventh day I took ballet lessons," she says. She conquered a weakness in the compulsory figures, and she controlled her tendency toward debilitating attacks of stage fright. Her "short program" earned her nothing lower than a 5.8, even a perfect 6.0 from one judge.

A month after Innsbruck she won the world championships in Göteborg, Sweden, and then she turned pro. Now, for the *Ice Capades*, she skates five minutes a show, nine shows a week. 25 weeks a year, gets \$2 million for her efforts and nobody begrudges her a penny.

The year was no more than half over when Judy Rankin became the first woman golfer to earn \$100,000 in a single season. It was an interesting milestone, but with LPGA purses on the rise, an inevitable one. More significant was her year as a whole. She played 26 tournaments, won six, finished in the top ten 19 times and earned a total of \$150,734.

To understand how completely Rankin dominated the LPGA tour this year it helps to translate her winnings into male dollars. If Jack Nicklaus had won the same share of the men's total purses that Rankin did of the women's, Nicklaus would have earned roughly \$482,000 instead of \$266,438. "It's been a matter of consistency," says Rankin. "I haven't had any bad weeks. If you can stay close, a lot of nice things will happen."

Speaking of consistency, let it be known that Judy Torlaemke Rankin, 31, athlete, wife and mother, has not missed the cut in an LPGA co-sponsored event since 1965.

When Nadia Comaneci scored a 10 on the uneven bars on the opening night of the gymnastics schedule in Montreal, the first perfect score ever awarded in Olympic gymnastics, a howl of protest went up from certain Eastern European quarters. Comaneci responded that no one should have been surprised, since she had done it 15 times before.

By the completion of the Montreal Games, the 14-year-old Romanian had won gold medals in the uneven bars, the balance beam and the all-around event, a silver in the team competition and a bronze for her individual floor exercise. In the process she picked up six more 10s.

Tiny Nadia, pony-tailed Hero of Socialist Labor, had changed the look of women's gymnastics forever.

"When she can flawlessly exceed the most hazardous degree of difficulty in the point book," says one expert, "the judges have no choice but to give her a 10."

She smiled little. She cried not at all. Comaneci captivated with her skill alone.

At 7.45 on the evening of July 22 in Montreal, East Germany's Kornelia Ender mounted the block at the head of Lane 4 in the swimming hall for the start of the 100-meter butterfly final. The starter's gun cracked and one minute .13 seconds later she had won her third gold medal of the Games and had equaled her own world record.

Ender rested on that particular laurel for exactly 25 minutes, and then she was at the start again, this time for the 200-meter-freestyle final against her American rival Shirley Babashoff. "For a year I trained to keep up with Shirley," she said. "And what I had extra, I would add it on at the very end." Which is what she did, in one of the best races of the 1976 Olympics. The two swimmers remained within inches of each other for 150 meters, and then, with the "extra," Ender pulled away for a world-record 1:59.26 and her fourth gold medal. **END**

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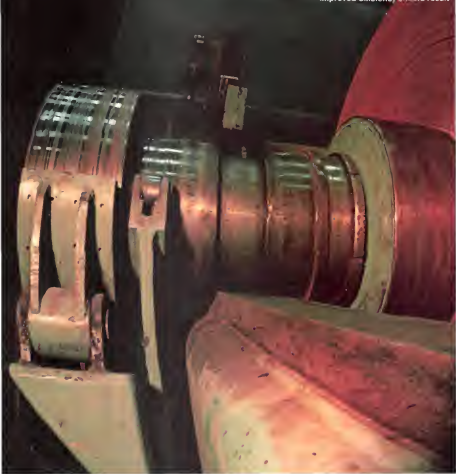
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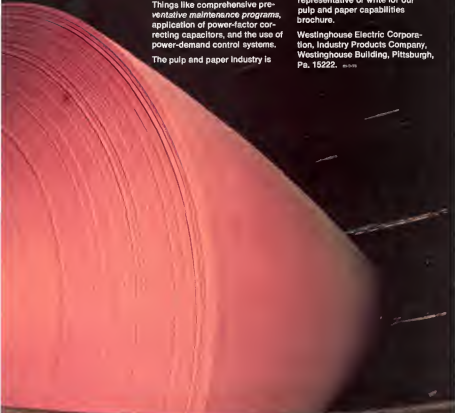
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The future of mankind depends largely upon how well we protect the environment—the air, land, water and all that lives in or upon them. In the United States we have often misused these precious resources. Concerned citizens—once few in number, but now multitudes—have made environmentalism the No. 1 American social enterprise. This special article relates the story of their considerable undertaking

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE

by BIL GILBERT

The last quarter-century has been a vintage period for social movements in the United States. Our passions and energies have been engaged by questions concerning civil rights, peace and sexual equality—and especially by a diverse group of issues that we have come to call environmental. Environmentalism has occupied more of us, cost us more, made more work for us than any other social reform movement of our time. In 1976 alone the country spent \$34.8 billion on pollution control—some \$80 million a day. Of that total, \$17.7 billion was expended in response to Federal environmental legislation. State and local agencies spent more than \$7 billion. Supplying equipment and services for environmental work projects is now a \$15-billion-a-year private industry. Some 100,000 of us work for public environmental agencies (75,000 in the Federal government), and about 1.5 million men and women are employed in the private environmental industry. There are some 200 private organizations with specific environmental programs, ranging from the America the Beautiful Fund to Zero Population Growth, Inc. About four million Americans belong to these special environmental interest groups. Finally, there is a great body of environmental laws and regulations, the majority created in the last decade, which

continued

significantly affects the daily life of each one of us.

Materialism aside, it is difficult to conceive of anything, except perhaps theology, of more speculative interest than environmentalism, dealing as it does with our relationship to the very air, water and land. As environmentalists (many of whom have been active in other reform movements) are quick to point out, if we cannot relate harmoniously to these planetary elements, if we cannot make secure the physical foundations of life, then all matters involving social affairs become trivial.

While what is now called the environmental movement is largely a phenomenon of the last decade, we are not the first Americans to be faced with environmental problems, or to be environmental activists. Just as concerns about civil and women's rights have been with us for decades, so have environmental ones. As a matter of historical interest and as an essential means of understanding the nature of the contemporary movement, it is worthwhile to consider our environmental roots.

As soon as they set foot in North America, European settlers were confronted by formidable environmental difficulties. The immense continent had too many trees, too much brush, too many swamps, too many raging rivers, too much desert, even too much wildlife. You cannot have, say, Omaha, Neb. and all it implies and 30 million free-ranging buffalo and all they imply. There was simply too much wilderness, and it was incompatible with what was then—and is now—regarded as civilization.

Almost unanimously, American pioneers found the wilderness difficult, dangerous and disagreeable. Beyond the obvious practical considerations, this opinion was shaped by the Judeo-Christian tradition, which held that the wilderness was an abomination for man and in the eyes of God. Both common sense and semi-Biblical exhortations indicated that the duty of man was to tame these "deserts," turn them into "fruitful gardens," and use their natural resources. There was a corollary to this exploitative premise, succinctly stated by the ferocious Puritan preacher, Cotton Mather, "That which is not useful," thundered Mather, "is vicious."

The principal technique for making the wilderness habitable for increasing numbers of white men was, in the context of the times, an obvious and sensible one. It was to skin off the valuables closest to hand and when they were gone to move westward looking for more. In the 18th and early 19th centuries a man would commonly clear five or six farmsteads in his life, each new one usually somewhat to the west of previous clearings. If the land played out in the Potomac Valley there was the Missouri Valley waiting to be plowed. If beaver disappeared in the Adirondacks there were more in Idaho. To the west of the pine forests of Maine were those of Michigan and beyond them those of Oregon.

Convenient as this use-it-up-and-move-on technique was, there were early indications that it would prove to have drawbacks, that it might be counterproductive in terms of profits, pleasure and the quality of life. In contemporary

terms, unrestrained exploitation and consumption began to create difficulties. As the difficulties became more obvious and severe, there emerged a complex of principles and practices that it was hoped would solve them. These conservation concerns have been with us throughout most of our history.

Protecting natural resources from excessive exploitation was the first instance of conservation in America. Immense and fertile as the wilderness was, it shortly became apparent that Europeans commanded a technology formidable enough to overharvest a variety of useful and profitable products, especially timber and wildlife. Within a few years after the first settlements, some of these resources were in short supply here and there because they were being used faster than the wilderness could renew them. In response, even before 1700, colonists in New England, New York and Pennsylvania began to exercise legal restraints on private greed. They adopted ordinances that regulated timber cutting, encouraged reforestation and set limits on taking deer and other game. Throughout the next two centuries more and more complex preservationist regulations were formulated, but they were often only feeble restraints on the get-it-now-take-it-and-get-moving practices. Conservation regulations were passed piecemeal, state by state, even county by county, and often not until after irreparable damage had been done.

Utilitarian conservation problems—for example, the local disappearance of deer—were easy to identify and suggested obvious responses: stop killing so many of them. Ecological problems, which also commenced with the first settlements, were less easy to diagnose and address because they had to do with the immensely complicated total system that contained all resources, useful or "vicious." Though the word ecology was not coined until the 1870s, the central ecological principle had in fact been operative forever. It is that all aspects of planetary life, from one-celled plants to many-celled mammals, are ultimately connected to one another by a web of cause-and-effect relationships. If one strand is severed—or even jagged a bit—the disturbance will inevitably be felt and will cause changes throughout the web.

American pioneers had a great capacity to bring about changes in the natural system. Seldom did they assess their activities in ecological terms, or consider how their jiggling affected the web of life. (Even today we are only minimally able to predict what the ecological consequences of very simple environmental actions will be.) However, quite soon it became apparent that the settlement of the conti-

THE ENVIRONMENT *continued*

nent was causing enormous changes in the natural system.

A basic example of the ecological principle that one thing always leads to another—and often to something worse—is the impact of human development on the continental water system. When the first Europeans arrived, a man could bend down at almost any spring, lake or river and take a safe, satisfying drink. This began to change as permanent settlements were made and men began releasing their wastes and toxins into the natural water system. As the settlements moved westward, so did water pollution and related problems. As the forests were cut, underbrush cleared and swamps drained, the natural drainage patterns were altered. Massive erosion of topsoil began. Water was retained less easily in the land and for shorter periods of time. Natural reservoirs shrank and in places springs and streams began to go dry. Rivers, lakes and bays began receiving more runoff than they could accommodate. They became turbid, silted, fouled with natural debris and human waste and in consequence more likely to flood. These changes affected the fertility of the land and the interrelationship of flora and fauna.

Two hundred years after the first settlements, water pollution was general. It was found in the metropolises and on backwoods farms. Bad-water diseases—typhoid, dysentery, all manner of fevers and fluxes—were of epidemic proportions. Floods on the order of that which destroyed Johnstown, Pa. were frequent. Erosion, leaching and desiccation of the land were well advanced and would within the next 50 years lead to the greatest single environmental calamity Americans have known—the creation of the Midwest dust bowl.

Increasingly we tried to correct these water problems by turning to technological fixes: deeper wells and bigger dams, more powerful pumps, more intricate sewage systems, reservoirs, irrigation and drainage ditches. These solutions worked to a degree, but often created new problems, and all required increasingly larger investments of other resources, for example, fuels. Also, the more we manipulated the old water patterns, the more they were altered and the more we had to manipulate. Today water management is one of our most expensive and critical national chores, one that we can never neglect or abandon without immediately and dramatically altering the quality of American life. With water management we have a classic tiger by the tail.

By the later decades of the 19th century the end of the American frontier had been reached, and the old method of exploiting the easiest available resources—making a big mess and escaping the consequences by moving on to virgin lands—was no longer possible. Thereafter all our land would be to some degree used land, and our resources would have to be conserved forever. However, the frontier use-and-move ethic was still strong, and our techniques for protecting the environment were relatively primitive. Turn-of-the-century Americans, citizens of the "good old days," probably suffered more from what is now called

poor environmental quality than any before or since.

Bad water was only one of many ecological problems. Rapid and ruthless timbering had left behind scarred landscapes and great piles of tinder-like debris in what had been the northern forest belt. By the last half of the 19th century, enormous and frightening fires were sweeping through the north woods, burning in New England, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota for months at a time, destroying hundreds of millions of dollars worth of property and taking not a few lives.

Coal and wood were our principal fuels. In the cities and towns, stacks continuously emitted heavy, greasy clouds of smoke and soot. Afflictions traceable to polluted air and industrial and commercial toxins included black lung, miner's asthma, brass founder's egue, hatter's shakes, file cutter's paralysis and male spittoon's cancer, to say nothing of such non-vocational plagues as bronchitis and asthma. On a per capita basis we were perhaps not creating quite so much solid waste as we are now, but in general, facilities for disposing of it were poor.

A 19th century report dealing with this problem in New York City reads in part, "Domestic garbage and filth of every kind is thrown into the streets, covering their surface, filling the gutters, obstructing the sewer culverts and sending forth perennial emanations which must generate disease. In winter the filth and garbage accumulate in the streets to the depth sometimes of two or three feet." In the countryside, by habit and out of necessity, all manner of ugly and toxic junk was simply piled on the nearest piece of empty ground or else dumped into convenient ravines, gorges and rivers.

In what was left of the wilderness, lumbermen, miners, farmers, ranchers and other exploitative tradesmen had little thought for ecological consequences or aesthetic losses as they appropriated natural resources by the quickest and most immediately profitable methods. The most numerous large mammal on the continent, the buffalo, seemed headed for extinction, and the most numerous of all birds, the passenger pigeon, became extinct in 1914. At the turn of the century more species of American flora and fauna were endangered than ever before or since.

Perhaps the best thing about this terrible time was that the quality of the environment was so bad that it forced us to start looking seriously at our ecological situation. Fortunately, a forceful group of conservation activists—most notably Theodore Roosevelt and his brilliant forester-guru, Gifford Pinchot—gained political power and began to force Americans to face up to the environmental problems. Calls

continued

for reform were bitterly resisted in many places, especially in the West, which remained close to the frontier in space and spirit. There Roosevelt, Pinchot and their supporters were despised as "radical conservationists," accused of trying to subvert the constitutional and even God-given rights of Americans to do to nature whatever they damn well pleased. Despite this kicking and screaming, human and natural history were on the side of the conservationists. Gradually they created a complex of national agencies (and often their counterparts in the states) charged with conserving some of the more obvious of our resources and investigating our more pressing ecological problems. The Forest Service was created in 1905 and was followed by the Inland Waterways Commission (1907), the National Park Service (1916), the Federal Power Commission (1920), the Soil Conservation Service (1935) and the Fish and Wildlife Service (1940).

A group of private conservation organizations came into existence to promote their own projects and to serve as watchdogs on the activities of public agencies. Among them were: the Appalachian Mountain Club (1876), the Boone and Crockett Club (1887), the Sierra Club (1892), the National Audubon Society (1905), the Izaak Walton League (1922), the Wilderness Society (1935) and the National Wildlife Federation (1938). Such organizations are now sometimes referred to a bit contemptuously as "old-line conservation groups," but they have been of enormous influence in creating the current environmental movement and they are perhaps the most powerful political and economic bloc within it.

Both utilitarian and ecological conservation grew from our wilderness problems. Ethetic conservation—what might be called nature appreciation—grew from our plea-



sure. Once they began to get around with more ease and security, some early settlers began to note that here and there the wilderness was beautiful. A traveler would struggle up to some especially scenic prospect, stop to take a rest and, as certain old journals and letters indicate, say, in effect, "Ain't nature grand."

In time this American the Beautiful theme was embroidered with a fancier notion—that the wilderness was not only pretty but was good for a man in spiritual ways. This idea—that the primitive and the wild refreshed and purified civilized man—was largely of European origin, being particularly popular among romantic poets and philoso-

phers of the Rousseau-Wordsworth kind. However, it had immediate appeal for certain members of the American intelligentsia, who tended to be self-conscious about the cultural superiority of Europe. In the United States we might not yet have museums, galleries and salons to match those of the Old World, but we had wilderness from hell to breakfast. Wilderness values and virtues were plugged by a long, distinguished line of Americans: Jefferson, Meriwether Lewis, John Audubon, George Catlin, Walt Whitman, John Burroughs, John Muir and, above all, by Henry David Thoreau, who in 1851 delivered himself of the opinion that "In Wilderness is the preservation of the World."

So articulate were many of those who promoted the restorative qualities of the wilderness that we frequently assume they were in the majority. In fact, they were always a very small, if elite, minority. We may remember Thoreau's ringing words, but a more prosaic message from Andrew Jackson perhaps better represents the American consensus of the mid-19th century. Asked Old Hickory rhetorically, "What good man would prefer a country covered with forests and ranged by a few thousand savages to our extensive Republic, studded with cities, towns, and prosperous farms, embellished with all the improvements which art can devise or industry execute."

By and large the Americans closest to the wilderness liked it least—an observation, among many others, made by Alexis de Tocqueville. Being all afire to see some of the fabled New World wild lands, de Tocqueville took himself off to Michigan in 1831. He was a bit surprised by what he found there. "In Europe people talk a great deal about the wilds of America, but the Americans themselves never think about them; they are insensible to the wonders of inanimate nature and they may be said not to perceive the mighty forests that surround them till they fall beneath the hatchet. . . . [They] march across these wilds, draining swamps, turning the course of rivers, peopling solitudes, and subduing nature."

De Tocqueville stretched the point in claiming no Americans were sensitive to the wonder of inanimate nature. Some were supersensitive, but they were not found among the Michigan pioneer classes. They were, in contrast, the most privileged in terms of education, affluence and leisure time. As a rule they came to the wilderness as de Tocqueville did, as tourists. They traveled with conveniences and stayed briefly. They returned to comfortable dens and libraries to contemplate their experiences. Understandably, they usually had a higher opinion of the wild than did men who were trying to clear enough swampy forest to support a family and who could leave the wilderness only by subduing it.

Wilderness lovers and appreciators of nature may never have been numerous, but they were and are articulate and persuasive. Not surprisingly, they were instrumental in founding the "old-line" conservation organizations that were formed at the turn of the century as nostalgia for the vanishing wilderness became more fashionable and our real

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environmental problems more obvious. As a rule, they promoted preservationist projects—saving natural phenomena, spectacular beauty spots, natural recreational or historic areas, rare and interesting non-utilitarian species of plants and animals.

Because they had time for club work and had money to support private causes and social and political connections, esthetic conservationists have been notably successful in shaping national policies and attitudes. On the other hand, because they have often thwarted conventional development schemes—building a road, dam or shopping center—and because of the kind of people they tend to be (rich, well educated, sophisticated, liberal), esthetic conservationists are largely responsible for the charges that environmentalism is an elitist preoccupation. Whether this is true and whether, if true, it is fortunate or shameful, is another matter. But the perception that they represent privileged interests has traditionally been a handicap for environmentalists.

By 1940 three major environmental themes had emerged: There was general agreement that utilitarian conservation was necessary, though there was disagreement as to how our resources should be saved and who should be in charge of saving them.

We had become alarmed by our ecological problems and the prospects of worse ones. In response, some environmental management techniques had been developed and at least a foundation of national conservation law had been established.

The proposition that "unspoiled" nature was good for us and had recreational and spiritual values and therefore should be preserved was accepted and fiercely defended by an exceptionally influential minority.

As it did in so many areas, World War II had an enormous impact on the environment and the development of environmentalism. The war stimulated all manner of economic and industrial activity. As we stepped up production we increased the rate at which we used our natural resources and also further polluted the land, water and air. This trend intensified following the war. Having come through the hard times of the Depression and the deprivations of war, Americans were hell-bent on indulging themselves and generally had the means to do so. We were eager for new homes, schools, recreation facilities, cars, appliances, clothes, entertainment. To satisfy these pent-up wants, we set off on a mighty producing and consuming spree—the great boom of the two postwar decades. Though it was not our overt in-

tection, all this hyped-up activity created massive new pressures on the environment. Existing problems were magnified and brand-new ones were spawned. The wartime development and subsequent civilian demands for plastics, pesticides, herbicides and off-road vehicles, among other things, were to cause new ecological crises, many of which were not immediately perceived.

Along with the great national making-buying-using orgy, there was another development that was to have considerable influence on the growth of environmental thought and action. Following the war, military gear, lightweight tents, clothing, sleeping bags, dried foods, rubber rafts—all manner of nylon and plastic marvels—became available, and millions of Americans were turned on to outdoor recreation. In unprecedented numbers and with boundless enthusiasm we began camping, backpacking, climbing cliffs, descending into caves, watching birds, paddling canoes down wild rivers.

Quickly the new postwar outdoorsmen became conscious of the environmental havoc that the industrial boom was wreaking. In an effort to do something about the degradation of places they admired, they began joining conservation organizations and became increasingly receptive to anti-development causes. What might awkwardly be called the "environmentalization" of a man named Bob Waldrop serves as an example of this process. Waldrop grew up in the Maryland suburbs of Washington, D.C. As a teenager in the 1950s he spent a lot of time fishing, hunting and rambling about in the Potomac River bottomlands. In the course of these pursuits he became acquainted with some of the young postwar outdoor recreationists. Through them he became involved in rock climbing, spelunking and white-water canoeing (in which he eventually became a fine competitor).

He enrolled at the University of Maryland as an economics major and after graduation began working for a bank. However, neither economics nor his job satisfied him. "I didn't use the word then, but what I really was dreaming of being was an environmentalist," he says. "I'd see streams I once played around in turning foul, pieces of woodland where I hunted being bulldozed down for developments, highways going through wild places I'd camped and climbed. All of it made me mad. I didn't have much idea what could be done about it, but it seemed something should be, that this was a symptom of a national malady."

In the early '60s Waldrop got a job with the Washington-based Conservationist Foundation and then one with the Sierra Club. "I had a chance to read, be around people who were thinking and talking about conservation problems and policy," he says. "Russ Train [now the chief administrator of the Federal Environmental Protection Agency] and David Brower [then the administrator of the Sierra Club and now head of the Friends of the Earth] had a lot of influence on me. All of a sudden I became an absolutely true believer—an environmental crusader."

Among other activities, Waldrop helped organize the

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1970 Earth Day festival-protest in Washington—which got him into an FBI dossier. “In Washington the groups I was working with, my friends, operated with a lot of passion,” he says. “We took on every good cause and maybe tended to treat each one as the ultimate crisis. We thought people needed to be forced to see the truth, and when they did, the reforms would inevitably follow and the bad guys would be defeated.

“But for me, at least, there was a period of depression in the ‘70s. Part of it probably came from just being very tired, having spent so much passion on so many things. It seemed like we were trying to hold back the sea with a cup. There were so many things that seemed should be done, and in the end so little change. I looked at my life and saw that I was so busy organizing committees and writing memos to save a river or a wilderness that I was no longer getting out on the rivers or into the wild. Those were the things that had got me into it, and I was being cut off from them.”

Quite abruptly, Waldrop quit his professional environmental work. He moved to Alaska, where for most of the next five years he roamed the wilder parts of the state, supporting himself by guiding environmentalists into the Brooks Range wilderness and as a photographer. Then in 1978 the cycle completed itself. He was asked to become a special assistant to the commissioner of natural resources for Alaska, and did. “I’d had enough of being an outsider. I decided that I really wanted to get back into public-policy work related to the environment, and that it was important. I’ve changed, naturally. I see issues as being more complex than I did 10 years ago. But I feel we need to make a long-term commitment to coping with our environmental problems. That is more or less my commitment. I’m satisfied that I have made it.”

Time and again in professional environmental organizations and agencies, the essentials of Waldrop’s story are repeated. Staffers will explain that they were simply people who enjoyed some kind of outdoor recreation or interest, became angry at the abuses of nature they observed and in consequence became practicing environmentalists, often devoting their careers to sophisticated problems considerably removed from the simple pleasures of the woods and waters.

A variety of incidents, occurring with increasing frequency during the two postwar decades, raised the environmental consciousness of the nation. There were preservationist disputes about Grand Canyon dams, the Everglades, the passage of wilderness and endangered-species acts. In-

formation accumulated, and anger grew over the poisoning of songbirds, fish and coyotes. There was a militant reaction to smog, water pollution, interstate-highway construction, littering, beach erosion, oil spills and the population crisis. Aldo Leopold (*A Sand County Almanac*), John H. Storer (*The Web of Life*) and Paul L. Errington (*Of Men and Marshes*), among other talented naturalists, wrote books that popularized ecological thought and speculation. In retrospect, three events stand out not only because of their particular importance but also because they so well illustrate the environmental ferment. They are:

The Echo Park Dam Controversy In 1950 the Bureau of Reclamation proposed the construction of a hydroelectric and irrigation dam in the 200,000-acre Dinosaur National Monument on the Utah-Colorado border. Local agricultural, industrial and construction interests supported the dam on the grounds that it would stimulate the economy in that area. However, the proposal was attacked by the Audubon and Wilderness societies, the Isaac Walton League, the Sierra Club, the National Parks Association and virtually every other conservation organization. These groups argued that the proposed Echo Park dam would flood and destroy forever a complex of unique wilderness canyons and that the dam would not solve regional and water problems. The conservationists, brilliantly using the national media as a forum, eventually were successful. In 1956, six years after the original proposal, plans to build a dam at Echo Park were abandoned.

Beyond the immediate preservationist objective, it was a famous victory. The campaign was one of the first in which the conservation Establishment had focused all its energies and resources on one issue. From this joint effort there emerged an important strategic principle. Conservationists had fared badly when they fought the dam on local grounds, where many residents stood to gain in immediate economic ways. The conservation coalition succeeded when it made Echo Park a national issue and brought to bear the power of its members, most of whom lived thousands of miles from the canyon wilderness but who had Representatives and Senators in Washington. Their success in arousing public opinion against the Echo Park dam convinced national politicians as nothing else had that conservationists had by now become an extremely formidable group, which in the future it would be prudent in private and foolhardy to antagonize.

Nuclear Protest On April 28, 1953, Troy, N.Y. was pelted by a rain that proved to be highly radioactive. Soon it was disclosed that Troy was not unique, that contaminated rain was falling elsewhere as a result of the testing of nuclear devices in the atmosphere. Among other things, the hot rain contained strontium 90. Quite suddenly, strontium 90 became nationally infamous. It was said to cause birth defects, cancer and other diseases as slowly, unseen and undetected, it drifted down into the food chain, into our bones and into the milk drunk by our babies. Abruptly, nuclear protests became more personal and environmental than

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they had been. All manner of people, from scientists to housewives to pacifists, who previously had been outside the conservation movement, became concerned about how environmental degradation was affecting them. The nuclear test-ban treaty of 1963 was in part the result. Perhaps even more important, the nuclear issue drove home the ecological point as nothing else had: that our life-support systems were interconnected and that we had an immense, immensely dangerous capacity for tampering with them.

Biochemist Barry Commoner joined in the nuclear protests. He has since become one of the best-known environmental thinkers and spokesmen. Commoner wrote, "I learned about the environment from the United States Atomic Energy Commission in 1953. Until then, like most people, I had taken the air, water, soil and our natural surroundings more or less for granted."

The Poison Problem In 1962 the late Rachel Carson, an enormously talented writer and naturalist, published *Silent Spring*. It remained on the bestseller lists for weeks and is one of the seminal works of the environmental movement. In a quiet, understated way, Carson said we were poisoning the land, water, air, food and fauna and ourselves because of our increasingly careless use of a variety of toxic substances, especially pesticides. The power of Carson's warning was magnified because she was not talking about some exotic device such as a nuclear warhead, but about common substances that most of us used and seemed to benefit from.

Until the postwar period there was a sense that while we had environmental problems, they were essentially aberrations; that is, specific mistakes caused by ignorance, carelessness or greed, which in theory could be corrected by passing new laws or developing new technological fixes. *Silent Spring* and subsequent environmental-ecological literature and thought suggested that our basic environmental problems do not rise so much from exceptional activities as they do from our common life-style, based on high technology and high rates of development and con-



sumption. Obviously, this idea is a revolutionary one, and that is why ecology is sometimes called the subversive science. Nevertheless, the question of whether our traditional economic, social and political systems are compatible with environmental stability has become the fundamental environmental issue.

There was no single moment in which all these postwar

concerns coalesced to create the environmental movement. However, the movement gathered momentum in the late '60s, and its existence was an inescapable fact of American life by the early '70s. The March 1965-February 1966 issue of *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature* listed seven entries under the heading "Environment" and five under "Ecology." Five years later there were hundreds of entries. The public was being bogharded with news and opinion about the environmental crisis. In the winter of 1970 *Time*, *Fortune*, *Newsweek* and *Sports Illustrated* published environmental cover stories. Charles Reich's *The Greening of America*, a book suggesting that if we all lived joyfully, youthfully and in environmental harmony most of our national problems would be solved, was published in the fall of 1970 and soon topped the bestseller lists. In the spring of 1970 several million Americans took part in the Earth Day celebration, which featured community cleanup projects, protest marches, anti-establishment rhetoric—and FBI spies.

High school students in Princeton, N.J., filled in a construction excavation which they said scarred the face of Mother Earth. In the same community the president of Pan American Airlines allowed as how the aviation industry accounted for only 1% of the country's air pollution. The New Jersey commissioner of environmental protection ordered 500 householders to repair faulty chimneys. In New York's Central Park, Earth Day celebrants fished 1,000 beer cans and a chaise longue out of a duck pond. At Boston's Logan Airport there was a die-in, featuring 12 caskets (symbolic of future air pollution victims), but it was poorly attended because of bad weather. Indiana University coeds pulled an Earth Day crowd with birth control pills to draw attention, so they said, to the connection between overpopulation and environmental degradation. In Long Beach, Calif., a mound of garbage was collected and was ceremoniously named *The Mountain of Shame*. Among ad hoc groups created were YUK (Youth Uncovering Kruel) and SCARE (Students Concerned About a Ravaged Environment). The largest Earth Day crowd, 50,000 or so persons, showed up in Washington. Some marched on the Interior Department. Some threw oil on the sidewalks to make a symbolic point about the pollution of Gulf of Mexico beaches.

Originally Earth Day was planned as a massive annual event, but in that respect it quickly fizzled out. Perhaps its most important consequence was that it attracted the interest of young activists who went on to become effective environmental professionals.

Politically, the environmental tide was also running strong. Gaylord Nelson, an early pro-environment Senator from Wisconsin, recalls that in 1965 he could find no colleague to co-sponsor a bill restricting the use of the pesticide DDT. By 1970 his fellow Senators were falling all over themselves in a rush to back identical legislation, and in the 1969-70 Congressional sessions no fewer than 8,000 environmental bills were introduced. Reflecting the ferment of the times, Richard Nixon issued a message on New

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Year's Day 1970, in which he said, "The 1970s absolutely must be the years when America pays its debt to the past by reclaiming the purity of its air, its water and our living environment." Officially and unofficially, formally and informally, environmentalism had become a nationwide "good thing."

Considering all this excitement, it is understandable that environmentalists now tend to look back on the first years of this decade as a kind of Camelot time. "Here at EPA [Environmental Protection Agency] 1971-72 was a period of euphoria," says Marlin Fitzwater, a 33-year-old Kansan who is the agency's press director. "We were popular, the public was supporting our issues and we were winning heated battles."

One tangential manifestation of the general euphoria was an outburst of direct action by individuals and small groups. Recycling centers sprang up in hundreds of communities. Organic farming, gardening and even organic sewage disposal became fashionable. Ecotage as a word and practice was invented. There were buy-ins (non-buyers jamming stores that sold contaminating products), burn-ins (burning oil-company credit cards), boycotts of environmentally objectionable products. Some telephone poles, billboards and power-line towers were chopped down, and a number of ecotours refused to read letters that were not single-spaced on recycled paper.

Frantic and fervid as their interest was, the ecotours and pranksters shortly moved on to other causes: building yurts, studying astrology, creating boutique America. Their passing may have made things somewhat less zealous, but it did no substantial harm, largely because no other large public movement has operated so well and effectively within the law as environmentalism has.

In the early '70s, while environmental scofflaws were receiving an inordinate amount of attention, vital legislation was being enacted. In effect, it converted what had previously been environmental alarms and proposals into the law of the land. Among the most important pieces of national legislation enacted were: the National Environmental Policy Act (1970), the Clean Air Act (1970), the Solid Waste Disposal Act (1970), the Pesticides law (1972), the Water Pollution Control Act (1972) and the Noise Control Act (1972). During the same period many states and local governments adopted laws that complemented the Federal legislation.

Initially, the administration and enforcement of Federal laws were shared by a variety of existing agencies, notably Interior, HEW, Agriculture and Commerce, but in the sum-

mer of 1970 President Nixon proposed that most environmental activities be lumped together and put under the jurisdiction of what was to be called the Environmental Protection Agency, which came into existence in December 1970. Initially it employed 6,500 persons, most of whom were transfers from older agencies. Today the EPA has a staff of about 10,000 and an annual budget of three-quarters of a billion dollars, making it by far the largest regulatory agency in the country. Its activities might be summarized very broadly as follows:

Diagnosis: A major EPA function is to identify the causes and scope of our environmental difficulties. For example, throughout the country there are some 6,500 stations that regularly measure the quality of the air and about 7,000 water-quality monitoring posts. Together they serve as a kind of environmental DEW line, alerting both the public and technicians as to the location and nature of problem areas.

Action: The EPA is not primarily an action agency, but it has great leverage to force and stimulate action by public and private groups. The EPA is the prime administrator of an \$18-billion clean-water fund which allocates money to build sewage treatment plants. The clean-water fund alone (similar if smaller funds are available for other environmental projects) makes the EPA by far the nation's largest and most influential public-works agency.

Enforcement: The most visible and controversial EPA activity has been enforcing the environmental laws of the land. By Jan. 1, 1976 the agency had initiated 13,000 actions against individuals and organizations suspected of having broken environmental laws. Water pollution (5,910 cases) was the most common alleged violation, followed by pesticide pollution (5,102 cases) and air pollution (1,945 cases). Fines totaling \$10 million were assessed in 2,472 of these actions. In the remainder, either the polluting activities were halted to avoid further legal action or the cases were dismissed. Simultaneously, and often in cooperation with the Feds, the states have also been developing enforcement procedures. As a result of joint Federal-state action the largest fine ever assessed in an environmental case, \$13.2 million, was levied on Oct. 5, 1976 against the Allied Chemical Corp. The charge: poisoning or polluting a considerable area of Virginia while manufacturing a highly toxic pesticide, Kepone.

So long as environmentalism largely amounted to venting with alarm, opposition tended to be mild. However, in the 1970s when tough laws began to be enacted and agencies were created to enforce them, the opposition hardened. In the EPA, the controversy over auto-emission standards is often cited as marking the end of the period of euphoria in which the rallying cry was, "If it's for the environment, it's good."

Charged with finding out why the nation's air was so foul and drawing up plans to ameliorate it, the EPA pointed an accusing finger at motor vehicles. A corrective plan was issued. One of its objectives was to induce Americans to drive less by eliminating parking spaces and encour-

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aging the use of public transportation. A second objective was to make engine emissions cleaner. Manufacturers responded by installing catalytic converters, but reacted belligerently to further demands. In 1972 they asked for a delay in complying with emission standards that were to be met in 1975. The EPA turned down the request on the grounds that the auto industry had not tried hard or sincerely enough to meet the standards. In 1973, after lively backstage politicking, a similar request for extension was granted on the overt grounds that the manufacturers were indeed by then trying hard. The case was the first in which the EPA granted a delay in compliance with environmental law. In 1974 another delay was allowed by Congress, shoving back the compliance date to 1977. In 1975 the EPA granted a third delay to 1978.

Despite other reverses, the environmental movement has continued to accumulate clout. However, so has its opposition. Since 1972, critics have been more visible and vocal, and are bolder about attacking specific acts and policies if not environmentalism in principle.

"Every major industry—timber, auto, coal, chemical, etc.—has been against us at some point," says Mike McCloskey, executive director of the Sierra Club.

"Our most negative response comes from boardrooms," says Marlin Fitzwater, the EPA spokesman. "Chairmen of companies don't want us taking profits from stockholders. A chemical company might show a profit of billions and it might cost them a million to measure up to safety or pollution regulations, and they'll fight us every inch of the way. Chambers of commerce also line up against us."

The most common objection to restrictions and reforms is that they cost too much: having to pay for too much purity will hamstring production, slow expansion, raise prices, cause unemployment, eat up capital and in general create economic problems that will be worse than our environmental ones. A means-are-justified-by-the-ends assumption lies at the heart of these objections. Just as, say, 50,000 traffic fatalities a year are an unfortunate but practically unavoidable by-product of the transportation system we enjoy, so a certain amount of degradation, pollution, illness and ugliness, however undesirable, is necessary to maintain a healthy, expanding economy, or so the argument runs.

Environmentalists respond that we can afford a lot better environment than we have and, like it or not, we cannot afford to let it become much worse. Assurances that the economy is booming will do little to comfort or improve the lot of a citizen who is choking to death in a smog cloud. Environmentalists claim that the costs of reasonable reform

have been misrepresented and exaggerated. For example, it is estimated that to meet agreed goals for achieving moderately clean air, water and land by 1984, all of us—that is, the public and private economic sectors—will have to spend about \$250 billion. Enormous as this sum is, it represents only about 2% of the estimated gross national product for 1975-84. If, argue supporters of these programs, we cannot afford to devote this modest portion of our resources to improving and maintaining the quality of our surroundings, then we are in severe, perhaps terminal trouble environmentally and economically.

The point is also made that while the costs of environmental reform are large, so are the real savings that result from it. According to analyses made by the President's Council on Environmental Quality, air pollution now costs this country, because of damage to health, property and crops, more than \$12.3 billion a year. Under present plans, fully-funded air-pollution control would cost about \$14.2 billion a year. Thus, the actual cost, after the bill for damage resulting from bad air was deducted, would be only \$1.9 billion. Water presents a similar situation. Damage attributable to water pollution is estimated to be \$11.5 billion annually; the price of cleaning up the water is set at \$13.2 billion a year.

In Washington, close to Dupont Circle in an area that has come to be known as Environmental Row, there is an organization called the Environmental Law Institute. Besides its legal activities, it is something of a green think tank. There Grant P. Thompson, an ELI fellow, considers the uneasy relationship between the environmental and business communities. "We have always had substantial environmental costs but we didn't identify them as such," he says. "Now we are putting a price on such things as clean air and water, open land, the existence of animal species, even scenery, which all of us, and especially business, previously used with very little or no cost. A power plant could dump its wastes into the air without paying. Now society is saying you can't use the air as a dump. You have to dispose of wastes in another way, i.e., among other things, installing scrubbers, and from now on that will be one of the costs of doing business."

"I'm not one of those people who believe our free-enterprise corporate system is an absolute barrier to environmental reform," says Thompson, who was educated at Oxford and Yale Law School. "However, I believe corporations will have to be forced to behave in more environmentally responsible ways, and this again is how things have been handled traditionally. Child labor, industrial health and safety, a minimum wage, truth in advertising and many other reforms are examples of ways we have restricted profit-seeking in the public interest. This is happening with environmental restrictions. Businessmen don't like them, can't be expected to, but in the end they will acquiesce because they have to if they are going to continue to seek profits."

Beyond direct costs, critics of environmentalism sometimes

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times claim that the movement is staffed with advanced thinkers who by temperament have an antibusiness bias and are using a lot of unnecessary laws not so much to protect the environment as to harass the business community.

Whether they are silly or unnecessary is obviously a matter of opinion, but indisputably we have more environmental law and litigation in this decade than ever before. In 1973 the U.S. judicial system began classifying environmental actions as "allegations pertaining to air, water, solid waste, pesticide, radiation and noise pollution." In 1973, 270 such cases were filed. In 1974 there were 343 cases, and in 1975, 406, or about a 50% increase over the three-year span; environmental cases in state courts have increased at approximately the same rate. Though we have more such cases, it does not seem, as critics have frequently claimed, that our national court system has been smothered under environmental litigation. The 406 environment cases heard in 1975 represented less than one half of 1% of the case load of the U.S. courts.

A by-product of the increase in litigation has been the creation of a new legal specialty, the size of which can only be guessed at. Malcolm Baldwin, a pioneer attorney in this field who is now on the staff of the Council on Environmental Quality, says that in 1969 fewer than 100 lawyers were in any way engaged in environmental practice. He believes there are now 300 to 500. Four of the most important legal-action organizations within the environmental movement are the Natural Resources Defense Council, the National Wildlife Federation, the Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund and the Environmental Defense Fund. Together they employ 36 lawyers; in 1969 they employed one among them.

Critics of the environmental movement tend to view the creation of its legal cadre with alarm. In the fall of 1975 the Conservation Liaison Department of the American Petroleum Institute (the Washington-based "big oil" trade association) circulated a report dealing with the nature and habits of environmental lawyers. The document says, "Unlike a typical lawyer who waits for the client to come to him, the environmental lawyers decide what is good for the nation environmentally and then they create litigation, i.e., find clients and bring court suits against industry or government. . . . These lawyers are changing the legal process. . . . A handful of skilled lawyers, dedicated environmentalists with a strong anti-corporate bias, are arbitrarily dictating the course of critical energy and environmental decisions that directly impact this nation's energy, economic and foreign policies."

Says Thompson, "Historically there have been two ways to influence our power structure, to achieve some control over it. The first has been to use money—to buy your way into it. The second has been to sue your way in, to plug in through the law. Environmentalists have used the second method."

All manner of laws, from endangered-species acts to local noise-control ordinances, have been used by environmentalists to plug into the decision-making system, but the

main conduit has been the National Environmental Policy Act. The influence of NEPA has been both remarkable and surprising, because it was regarded at the time of its passage as a kind of "motherhood" bill, putting the Congress and President on record as favoring good, popular environmental sentiments. Its principal requirement seemed innocuous: that before taking an action which might affect the environment, Federal agencies must make a public statement predicting the effects of that action. These reports, however, became the famous, or infamous, Environmental Impact Statements, and before long they were being used by environmental organizations to influence public policy and thus the environmental behavior of the nation.

The impact-statement process established under NEPA has become important because Federal activities have become so pervasive in our domestic affairs. It is all but impossible to build a road, a pipeline or a marine to develop any large tract of land or to use any quantity of a natural resource without becoming involved with the Federal government. If, as environmentalists have established in dozens of court cases, there is a substantial Federal interest in or responsibility for a project, even an overtly private one, NEPA applies and an Environmental Impact Statement (EIS) must be produced.

Since 1970, 7,006 Federal impact statements have been written. Some have been straightforward, directly involving environmental matters. For example, after receiving a request from promoters who wanted to stage motorcycle races in the Mohave Desert, the Bureau of Land Management, which administered the land, was required to produce an EIS analyzing the effects the race might have on the desert habitat. Because of that EIS, the event was altered to reduce environmental damage. Other impact statements have dealt with more complicated issues and often seem removed from what is popularly perceived as an environmental problem. For instance, in a landmark case, a U.S. court decided that the Interstate Commerce Commission could not grant railroads a 2.5% rate increase for hauling goods for recycling—such as scrap metals, waste paper and bottles—until the ICC first filed an EIS. The reasoning was that such an increase would substantially affect recycling operations and as a result the conservation of natural resources.

An impact statement may indicate that a proposed project will have adverse environmental consequences. Even so, as far as NEPA is concerned, the project sponsor may continue with it. The only requirement is that an EIS, publicly disclosing the expected environmental results, be

continued



Beloved Skinflint.

BUICK SKYLARK. Time was, any car you called "skinflint" was about as loveable as an attic fan. On the other hand, any car you loved usually asked frequent demonstrations of your affection in gas stops and the cost of ownership.

But now there is Buick Skylark. It's one automobile that appeals to both your car-loving and budget-watching instincts at the same time.

Step inside, if you've specified the custom trim that's available, you'll find the seats clothed in rich velour, with thick foam bolsters for backs and shoulders.

Take the controls. Notice how the switches and gauges come readily to hand and eye. As an added touch, the speedometer is graduated in km/h as well as mph.

Bring it to life. Underhood there's an innovative little gem of a V-6—Buick-made, of course.

Set it in motion. The ride is firm but supple, and the whole car is solid and agile on its feet. Notice how quiet it is, too—there's an abundance of sound-deadening insulation because, after all, Skylark is a Buick.

From here, nothing much left to do but enjoy the options that are available. Like a Delco AM-FM stereo and tape. Or factory-installed CB. Or electric door locks,

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Yet for all its ability to charm the heart, Skylark is a pillar of practicality to boot.

Consider mileage. According to EPA estimates, a Skylark with standard V-6 engine, available automatic transmission, and standard 2.56 axle ratio, achieves 27 miles per gallon on the highway, and an equally impressive 17 in the city. Naturally your mileage may vary, depending on how and where you drive, the condition of your car, and its equipment (California EPA figures are lower). But anytime you can combine mileage of that sort with the magic we just described, and get it all for a purchase price that's within reach of all but the most austere budgets, well, it makes Skylark

well worth considering, doesn't it? You know it does.

Skylark is at your Buick dealer. In Coupe, Hatchback and Sedan body styles.



Seagram's V.O. presents eight



In 1843, Sir Henry Cole's idea for a Christmas card was designed by artist John Horsley and read: "A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year to you." It was lithographed, hand-colored, and about 1000 were sold.

The First Christmas Card:

The First Christmas Card was designed by artist John Horsley and read: "A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year to you." It was lithographed, hand-colored, and about 1000 were sold.



Pass the Toast, Please:

When you make a toast, you are joining the tradition of the Wassail Bowl, served in English households as a convivial drink at Christmas time. Floating in it were pieces of toast. Hence, "toasting," a formal affirmation of friendship. In the same way today, we affirm friendships by taking up a glass.



The Christmas Tree:

In the 1650's German Pilgrims brought their Tannenbaum (Christmas tree) tradition to the new land, long before the practice took root in England.



St. Nick's Day, Dec. 6:

Bishop Nicholas was imprisoned for his faith, and later sainted for working miracles. His day was blended with Christmas and the myth of Santa Claus.



Gluck, The Preserver:

In 1914 John D. Gluck formed the Association to Preserve Children's Faith in Santa Claus. They answered letters to Santa, and occasionally sent presents.

Old Christmas Classics.

And one new one.



"Silent Night"
Christmas Eve, and the church organ was broken. So Austria's Father Mohr, with guitarist Franz Gruber, wrote "Silent Night" for Midnight Mass.



Yes, Virginia, There is a...
Editor Francis Church's letter in 1897 to 6 year old Virginia became a classic when the New York Sun reprinted it every Christmas for 50 years.



Merry Saturnalia:
Before the birth of Christ there was a December celebration called "Saturnalia." It paid tribute to... you guessed it... the god Saturn.



The Seagram's V.O. Gift Classic:
The 1976 V.O. gift package is the newest Christmas classic. (And the Gift Classic container, with a bottle of V.O. inside, is yours at no extra cost.) Like the taste of V.O., it's both distinctive and unique. A fitting way to celebrate being America's Favorite Canadian for over 25 years.

John Newcombe—
Nine-time
Wimbledon champion,
Winner of U.S. Open
and World Tennis
Championship.

*With the AE-1,
I've lost
my amateur standing
Point and shoot,
and you're a pro.*

Professionalism highlights everything John Newcombe does on the tennis court. But when it comes to taking pictures, he wants a camera that gives great results, but doesn't take a degree in math to operate. That's why he likes the Canon AE-1.

The AE-1 is a fine 35mm camera that has point-and-shoot simplicity, and still has the versatility even a pro can love. Its rapid-fire power winder is great for sequences—you won't miss a shot. And the AE-1's electronic flash is so automatic it's truly foolproof. Best of all, it does all this at a price that's just a little more than what you might spend on a camera that's a lot less. If you want to lose your amateur standing in photography, the Canon AE-1 is the way to go.

For a closer look at the Canon AE-1, see your local camera specialty dealer soon.



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Canon (Australia) Pty. Ltd. 100 St. Georges Road, Melbourne, Victoria 3000
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made. Often disclosure of the probable consequences has been enough to bring about a review of the project and cause it to be altered or abandoned.

Environmentalists have been quick to go to court against project sponsors who have indicated they would not alter potentially harmful plans. Using the impact statements, they point out that the proposed schemes may violate existing laws, perhaps those relating to endangered wildlife or clean air. Thus, because of the EIS process, the public is in almost all cases now made aware of a project's possible consequences before it is launched. Long delays inherent in the EIS formula give opponents time to mount public protests and proceed with legal action.

Nathaniel Reed is the Assistant Secretary of Interior in charge of the Park and Fish and Wildlife services. As such he has had considerable experience with impact statements. He recently wrote, "The NEPA process, like psychoanalysis, tells you what your problems are but leaves their remedy largely up to you."

Implicit in Reed's remark is an explanation of the real power of NEPA and its impact statements. More than fear of litigation, the fear of adverse public and political reaction has brought about the abandonment or alteration of projects which, as originally conceived, could not be justified environmentally. "They [environmentalists and their organizations] usually beat our brains out when an issue becomes public, and every issue becomes public if an EIS is required," says an industrial public-relations man who prefers anonymity, because his job involves sparing his employers such beatings. "We may have money, facts and conventional influence on our side, but they have the bodies, the letter writers, the academic bonuses for hearings and media sympathy. Above everything else, environmentalists can get out the vote."

How environmental power is focused and used is described by Brock Evans, a Washington-based representative of the Sierra Club who is often nominated by both friendly and hostile as being one of the capital's most effective lobbyists. "In any controversy we make an attempt to get together first with a small group of local people," says Evans. "Initially, numbers aren't so important as dedication. I suppose what we are looking for are true believers. We may give them some modest financial aid and keep them supplied with information. Occasionally we can give some media help, and we have a program where we bring local people into Washington for political-action seminars and training. However, it is the local volunteers who do the real work, and they are our great advantage. Our opponents usually have to pay for everything they get. Nobody ever volunteered to get out press releases for a utility company. The Hell's Canyon fight is a good example of how we often work. [Hell's Canyon was a bitter, 20-year-long dispute involving a proposed dam on the Middle Snake River in Idaho. It ended in 1975 with an almost total environmentalist victory. The dam project was prohibited by law, and 862,000 acres were set aside as the Hell's Canyon

National Recreational Area.] The nucleus of volunteers got together with other groups—sportsmen, recreationists, naturalists—and organized a larger regional association. Through it they began to make their weight felt in local and state political campaigns, and this activity sent a message to Washington that local opposition to the dam was serious and general.

When it became a national issue we helped here by supplying Senators and Congressmen with information and by identifying those who were undecided. Mail and wires from the local groups and our national constituency were directed toward those undecideds.

"Also we tried to stay flexible in the negotiations. There was an interesting example of that in Hell's Canyon. The boundary lines for the proposed wilderness preserve had been sketched on a map and arbitrarily they ran right through a small mining operation. If the original boundary had been kept, the mining company would have been shut down. A member of the Congressional committee asked me what our feeling was about altering the boundaries in favor of this mining operation. I said this seemed reasonable and it did not violate the integrity of the wilderness area. It was a small point, but I think it gained us some respect with the committee, and the mining company became a good friend of ours.

"That really is about all there is to our secrets," Evans concludes. "Nothing very glamorous or sophisticated. We do our homework and just hang in there."

As to whether the hard-work-and-persistence techniques of environmentalists are as effective now as they were a few years back, Evans says, "We are just as effective, but the opposition is much more effective. A few years back, developers and big industry didn't have the facts, didn't care about them, didn't pay any attention to environmental arguments. They lost time and again, not because we were so well prepared but because they were so badly prepared. Now they are paying attention. They understand the issues and public feelings better than they did. This makes them tougher opponents in a direct controversy but, on the other hand, the extent to which these controversies have made them regulate and improve their behavior constitutes an important environmental gain."

Of all the issues of the 1970s, the great Alaska pipeline controversy was one of the most significant, testing many of the new laws and procedures as well as the relative strength of the environmental movement and its opponents. In the late 1960s Atlantic Richfield announced the discovery of a

continued

THE ENVIRONMENT continued

major field at Prudhoe Bay on Alaska's northern coast. A consortium of oil companies was formed to construct an 800-mile-long pipeline to carry the oil from Prudhoe to Valdez, an ice-free port in southern Alaska. There were early environmental objections to the project but no immediate strategy for blocking it. In 1969 and '70 the Department of the Interior began issuing construction permits. Suddenly in the spring of 1970 this activity was brought to a screeching halt. It was pointed out that under the provisions of the newly passed NEPA legislation, no permits could be issued, no work begun until an environmental impact statement on the whole project was prepared. Several months later Interior issued a 185-page EIS, but it was scornfully rejected by environmentalists. They argued that it was superficial and in fact amounted to nothing more than a piece of pro-pipeline propaganda. Early in 1972 Interior tried again, this time making public a seven-volume statement on the environmental impact of the pipeline. This time environmentalists were disaffected because of what the report did show. They alleged that this EIS revealed that the building of the pipeline would violate laws protecting the land, water, wildlife and flora. These objections were taken to the courts and to Congress.

Faced with the prospect that the project might be scuttled or, even worse, delayed indefinitely (thus tying up massive amounts of capital), the oil consortium demanded that in its own, and supposedly the national, interest the matter be settled quickly and finally. By and large the oil companies were supported by Alaska residents and politicians who saw the pipeline as an economic bonanza for the state. The Nixon Administration agreed with this viewpoint. Legislation was introduced to exclude the pipeline from NEPA restrictions and give it immunity from further legal action brought by environmentalists. The bill was hotly debated in Congress. In 1973 the Senate divided evenly on the crucial vote. Vice-President Spiro Agnew cast the tie-breaking, pro-oil, anti-NEPA ballot.

This Congressional action shut off debate and cleared the way for construction of the pipeline (which is scheduled to be completed next July). However, most environmentalists do not now regard the pipeline battle as quixotic, nor do they feel they met outright defeat. The final legislative settlement included a package of stipulations spelling out in detail how and where the pipeline was to be constructed so as to provide maximum protection for land, water, wildlife, scenic and even archaeological resources. Also, the legislation provided for the establishment of a corps of Federal and state inspectors, some 125 of whom are monitoring the pipeline project to ensure that environmental laws and stipulations are being obeyed. Though some attempts by contractors to ignore or circumvent the restraints have been reported, the stipulation-inspector system has protected Alaskan resources better than most environmentalists had thought possible. At the same time, it has not proved nearly as onerous as many critics had predicted.

Perhaps of even more importance than the immediate benefit for the Alaskan environment, the pipeline fight, as much as any other single experience, seems to have convinced big industry that it is better to mend its environmental ways moderately than go to the legal mat on every new project. Addressing the National Wildlife Federation last March, Thornton Bradshaw, president of Atlantic Richfield, declared, "I would like to say to those environmentalists who slapped our face in Alaska and elsewhere: 'Thanks, we needed that.' . . . In our innocent state, we decided that the best way to transport the billions of barrels of oil underlying the permafrost of Prudhoe Bay was to build a large pipeline that would stretch 800 miles from the Arctic Ocean to Valdez, an ice-free port on the Gulf of Alaska—passing through some of the most picturesque and environmentally difficult country in the world. Permafrost? Caribou? Earthquakes? One hundred below zero? We didn't see them as particularly difficult problems. We were wrong, as environmentally minded litigants were quick to point out."

The legislative and legal battles over Alaskan oil ended in the fall of 1973 at about the same time the great gasoline shortage—the so-called energy crisis—began. Though the two events were coincidental, efforts were made by opponents of the environmental movement to show that they were connected. Environmentalists had opposed the development of Alaska oil. Now there was an oil shortage. Therefore, environmentalists and their restrictive laws and regulations were responsible for the shortages. There was not much logic behind the attack. If anything, the shortages proved a basic environmental contention: that the reckless use of natural resources was at the root of all sorts of problems. However, what with cold houses, closing factories and lineal gas pumps, it was a panicky time. Threats to do something about environmentalists and predictions that the oil shortages had dealt a death blow to the environmental movement were in vogue.

"During December around Washington it was like being pinned down in a foxhole," recalls the Sierra Club's Brock Evans. "Everybody was taking potshots at us. I remember one committee chairman yelling at our president, 'You got us into this with your lawsuits. Now what is your answer?' It was a farcical situation but potentially very dangerous. There were all sorts of spur-of-the-moment suggestions to repeal NEPA and generally dismantle environmental laws and agencies."

"We kept a low profile and asked our political friends to stay cool until the dust settled a bit. At the same time, we

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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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got together with some other organizations and began calling local volunteers and groups around the country, asking them to get off letters and wires to Congress. This broke some of the wilder schemes. Then Congress went home for Christmas and the members began talking to their constituents. Energy was the big issue, but it turned out that people were madder at the oil companies than they were at environmentalists. A national poll showed that 60% of the public thought the shortages were the fault of oil companies and government; only 2% blamed environmentalists.

"When Congress reconvened, the mood was different. The only ones still talking about an environmental backlash were those who had always been against us and apparently hoped that if they talked backless enough it might happen. It worked the other way. The credibility of oil and development people in general dropped, and ours rose. I feel that so far as the environmental movement is concerned, the so-called energy crisis was anything but a disaster. To the contrary, it started a new round of thinking and talking about fundamental environmental problems connected with exploitation, high technology and continual development."

Indisputably, environmentalism weathered the oil-shortage crisis and is now more a going concern than before. Almost daily we are confronted with news stories demonstrating how our environmental activities have proliferated. Some have had to do with the Alaska pipeline. By the fall of 1975 more than half of the 800-mile-long pipeline had been laid. In the spring of this year it developed that approximately 4,000 of the welds linking together the pieces of pipe would have to be reexamined and/or rewelded, because the jointures were not up to the standards specified in the stipulations under which permission to build the pipeline was granted. Inasmuch as each section of pipe is 80 feet long and 48 inches in diameter, this became a large and expensive undertaking. A special panel was appointed to investigate pipeline delays and charges of environmental malfeasance.

These additional happenings, disclosures and controversies, among hundreds of others, were reported as matters of recent public interest:

Arizona The Havasupai Indian tribe, numbering 435 individuals, has long contended that through rights of historical occupancy they have title to some 185,000 acres adjacent to Grand Canyon National Park. The Sierra Club, the Friends of the Earth and other groups opposed the Havasupai claims, contending that the acreage should be added to the park, that if given back to the Indians serious environmental damage would result. Finally Congress settled the dispute in favor of the Havasupai.

Maine As a result of a 1972 oil spill from a tanker in Casco Bay and four years of litigation, the state received \$750,000 for environmental damages from the tanker's owner. Texaco, whose oil was being transported, paid \$100,000 in environmental reparations to 33 Casco Bay clam diggers.

Maryland Construction work of the two-million-kilowatt

Peach Bottom nuclear plant in Conowingo was halted on Oct. 4 when monitoring devices showed that radiation levels had risen to three times above normal. However, it was determined that the excessive radiation was not caused by an accident but by heavy rainfall carrying fallout from a recent Chinese nuclear test.

Michigan Upper Peninsula mining interests backed by a number of Democratic legislators tried to emasculate the Michigan Environmental Protection Act, MEPA, passed in 1972 and regarded as a model state statute, was saved largely through the efforts of a Republican governor, the United Auto Workers and a coalition of private state environmental organizations.

Nevada All the Devil's Hole pupfish in the world, about 500, live in a single water-filled limestone cavern in Death Valley National Monument. The Monument is a unit of the National Park System, and the pupfish have been carefully protected as an endangered species. However, in 1968 ranchers whose property is adjacent to the Federal land drilled deep new wells and began to pump water from them for livestock. The wells turned out to be connected to the pupfish cavern. Because of the pumping, water levels dropped in Devil's Hole and the fish were jeopardized. In June of this year, after much litigation, the Supreme Court decreed that the Federal government could prohibit use of the wells in ways that harmed the pupfish pool. Because the decision found that the public right to protect a particular ecosystem regardless of surface boundaries or titles transcends private property rights, environmental lawyers believe it is of great significance.

New York On Sept. 8 General Electric agreed to pay the state's Department of Environmental Conservation \$3 million to help defray the cost of removing PCBs, a toxic chemical compound, from the Hudson River. Two GE plants on the Hudson had been dumping the toxin into the river for 25 years. Between 1966 and 1972 the company discharged some 84,000 pounds of it. In addition to having an adverse



effect on fish, PCBs are believed to cause dizziness, eye irritation and asthmatic bronchitis in humans, and cancer in laboratory animals. In hearings leading up to the negotiated payment, GE conceded that 85 employees at the two plants had suffered some degree of PCB poisoning. A few days before the New York settlement, a Georgia state agency banned all commercial fishing on the Coosa River (and advised sportsmen not to eat what they caught) because lab-

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eratory tests showed PCB levels in fish tissues to be higher than is thought to be safe. GE was again blamed: the company's Rome, Ga. plant had accidentally discharged PCBs 20 years earlier and since then the toxin had leached into the Coosa River.

Utah In the spring of 1976 the principal members of a consortium of electric companies withdrew their plan to build a \$3.5 billion, three-million-kilowatt power plant at Kaiparowits in a scenic area of southern Utah. Kaiparowits would have been the world's largest coal-burning power station, consuming 1,000 tons of coal an hour and releasing about 300 tons of contaminants a day into the air. Since 1963, when the project was first suggested, it has been opposed by the National Park Service, Bureau of Land Management, Environmental Protection Agency, Environmental Defense Fund, the Sierra Club and other groups.

The Wasatch National Forest area was used by a film crew to make a TV commercial for Phillips Petroleum. The theme of the commercial was that oil drilling and wildlife were compatible. To illustrate the point, the film makers rented two cougars, a deer and a golden eagle, shipped them to Utah and photographed them while they cavorted among the oil rigs. When complaints mentioning deception were lodged, the account executive in charge said it was a short commercial and there was not enough time to explain that the animals were tame. Later, ABC refused to accept the ad. NBC said it was studying the ethics of the matter. CBS approved the commercial.

Virginia A Federal court upheld the right of the Interior Department to restrict public access to national wildlife refuges if it was deemed to pose an ecological threat. Specifically, the case involved the Back Bay National Wildlife Refuge, near Virginia Beach, where Interior officials said vehicular traffic was threatening the food chain, killing crabs, turtles and waterfowl. In court, Interior was supported by 15 environmental organizations and opposed by local property owners and real estate developers. The ruling is one of the highest court decisions affirming the government's right to restrict public use in public refuges and parks for environmental reasons.

Wisconsin The National Wildlife Federation acquired for preservation a 150-acre farm near Madison that for centuries has been a roosting place for bald eagles. The acquisition was made possible by a \$47,000 gift from Amheuser-Busch, which uses the eagle in its corporate seal. Previously a Dallas firm, which owns the 7-eleven food-store chain, had given the NWF \$200,000 to buy and preserve another eagle roost in South Dakota. Also, Exxon

gave \$85,000 to establish an eagle data bank in which information about the 2,400 eagles still surviving in the lower 48 states would be collected and analyzed. Says Thomas Kimball, NWF executive vice-president, "The eagle is a symbol of freedom. It soars. It has sex appeal." District of Columbia So as to provide investors with better information about corporate practices and principles, the Securities and Exchange Commission proposed a new series of regulations that would require American firms to disclose how much they are spending to solve environmental problems and to what extent they are complying with anti-pollution laws.

A U.S. Court of Appeals ruled that EPA can order a reduction of the amount of lead in gasoline to forestall possible, though not fully proven, threats to the environment and public health.

There are now 126 species of native American animals on the Interior Department's endangered-species list. This is an increase of six from 1975. Additionally, some 24,000 varieties of plants are being considered as the first entries on a roll of endangered botanical species, including the entire orchid family of 17,000 species. Also in June the EPA announced that a major accident at a nuclear power plant might cause between 65,000 and 330,000 deaths, some of them as many as 30 years later as a result of cancer. This estimate was 10 times higher than one previously made by the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, which licenses atomic power plants.

For reasons that even these few random reports make obvious, both friends and foes of the movement find it ludicrous to dismiss environmentalism as some kind of passing American fancy. A good man to underscore the point, not only with words but by his presence, is Elvis J. Stahr. A Rhodes scholar and lawyer, former president of the universities of West Virginia and Indiana and Secretary of the Army in the Kennedy Administration, Stahr is the quintessential Establishment man invariably found at the conventional center and almost never on the fringes of lost or impossible causes. Since 1968 he has been the president of the National Audubon Society. With 346,000 members, a full-time staff of 219 and an annual budget of \$8,784,000, it may be the most affluent and influential private organization in the environmental movement. Sitting in his executive suite in the society's midtown Manhattan offices, Stahr chats on the telephone with a Senate staffer who has called about a piece of pesticide legislation. The conversation finished, he turns to a visitor and discusses the state of the environmental movement.

"I think most of the talk about the decline of environmental interest and influence reflects a kind of wishful thinking on the part of a few people who have always hoped it would decline," he says. "The fact is that our public support has never been greater or more solid; and political and government, even business and industrial, leaders show an increasing willingness to consult with us, involve us in the decision-making process. Obviously our point of

view is not always accepted, but I think even those in opposition recognize that environmentalists are here to stay, and they respect our position, even though they disagree with it. There are very few who still try to dismiss us as sentimental bird watchers in tennis shoes, and they are not really serious opponents because they are so out of touch with the times."

F. W. Chapman Jr. is the environmental and energy-conservation manager of Atlantic Richfield. He sits on the opposite side of the continent from Stehr, in an office high in the ARCO tower overlooking the Los Angeles sprawl. His corporation often takes a position that, if not opposite to, is at least different from that of the Audubon Society. "This department is a good example of the influence of the environmental movement," says Chapman. "Ten years ago it didn't exist. Now there are 29 of us, including three natural science Ph.D.s, working on environmental problems. The rate of environmental reform may have slowed because so much was done so fast a few years ago, maybe too much and too fast, but certainly in our area, energy development, environmentalism is a potent force which we have to reckon with constantly. When it turns out we are on opposite sides of an issue, we find environmentalists tough, tenacious, sophisticated opponents."

Russell Train of the EPA says, "I think we have developed more clout. As a specific example, we proposed toxic-substance legislation in 1971 and lost in Congress, but this spring a toxic-substance bill passed the Senate by a 60-13 vote." And this despite the fact that the mood of Congress has changed. "There is now a basic reluctance to undertake regulation of any kind. It reflects strong popular feeling against government interference. Fortunately, we have most of the legislation on the books now, I'd hate to be starting from scratch."

Charles Warren is a California state assemblyman, representing a Los Angeles district. "Last spring I sent out a questionnaire asking my constituents if they felt government's efforts on environmental issues were right, too strong or too lenient," he says. "An overwhelming majority answered—too lenient. People want environmental controls, and if the legislature thinks they will accept less, they are dead wrong."

As all the available evidence indicates, the briefest and most direct answer to the question—what has happened to the environmental movement—is that it has become much larger in every way than it was in 1970, supposedly the golden year of environmentalism.

"In the last five years there has been a deluge of new environmental laws and groups," says Mike McCloskey of the Sierra Club. "As a result there is a huge institutionalized apparatus operating in both the public and private sectors."

Many environmental leaders agree that the "institutionalization" of their movement is one of the most significant internal phenomena of the '70s. Environmentalists have changed from being free-lance critics of the system to being administrators of it, and have developed the habits and

outlooks of institutionalized men, acquiring offices, desks, staffs, credit cards, wardrobes and salaries similar to those of their executive counterparts in, say, the chemical industry or the Defense Department. Environmentalists are often self-conscious about this trend, seeming to feel that if they have not been exactly spoiled by success they have been subdued by it and are now less fiery than they once were, more willing to compromise with opponents whom they once only confronted.

"There are a lot of trade-offs now," says Bill Butler, an Environmental Defense Fund lawyer. Brent Thompson of the Environmental Law Institute says that he and his colleagues now spend less time on litigation. "Increasingly we are becoming members of and consultants to policy-making and regulatory groups," says Thompson. "Our input tends to make decisions more acceptable to environmentalists and thus tends to avoid direct legal confrontations."

There is an inclination to regard all large institutions or interests as monolithic and their individual parts as homogeneous. This is usually not so; certainly this is not the case in the environmental movement. Beyond topical differences over ways, means and personalities, the nation's some 200 private environmental organizations can roughly be divided into two major groups: On one side are those who seem mainly interested in natural problems and phenomena; on the other (accepting for purposes of distinction the curious notion that man is unnatural) are those more interested in human affairs.

The naturalists are more prominent in the old-line conservation organizations, e.g., the Audubon and Wilderness societies, the Sierra and Appalachians Mountain clubs, the National Wildlife Federation. Frequently members have come to these groups because of natural history or recreational interests—wildlife watching, photography, botanizing, hiking, camping. A good many of the naturalists are esthetic conservationists of the 19th century sort, believing that nature is not only beautiful but restorative and therapeutic. Among the naturalists are an increasing number of what might be called the new pantheists. In their view, animal species, plants, forests, tundra, desert, bodies of water, wilderness tracts—in fact, all that make up what we call nature—have a value and an integrity independent of man.

Whether in human terms these are good, bad or indifferent, useful or vicious, we have a moral obligation to respect and protect them, just as we supposedly have an obligation to treat other humans with respect and dignity. This point was once succinctly made by re-

continued

lired Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, who for more than a quarter of a century was our most highly placed naturalist-environmentalist. In a case involving commercial development in a national forest, Douglas argued that just as corporations, obviously inanimate phenomena, have legal rights, so should natural objects. "The trees," wrote Douglas, "have standing."

In contrast to the naturalists, humanistic environmentalists usually came to the movement from other reform causes—antiwar and antipoverty, civil rights, planned parenthood—in which they often remain active. Generally, the names of their organizations have a more aggressive social ring: Environmental Action, Environmental Defense Fund, Center for Growth Alternatives. They tend to see the betterment of the human condition as the principal reason for cleaning up the air and water, controlling toxins and contaminants, preserving open space and recreational areas.

The merging of the two groups began in the 1960s, mainly because they viewed with alarm the same thing—environmental degradation—though often for different reasons. A well-to-do naturalist might be concerned about the effects of pesticides on the eggshells of nesting waterfowl, while an impassioned social environmentalist might be alarmed about their effects on the tissues of migrant workers. It enlarged and strengthened both cases to add to the primary charges, "And it is bad also for ducks," or, as the case might be, "people." Both groups made important contributions to the alliance. The humanists were used to battling vested authority. They had acquired expertise in organization, public relations and in using and creating law. Old-line conservationists often had Establishment and political ties and the money to back causes and pay for long legal battles. (The average annual income of the members of the National Audubon Society is \$35,000.) Most important, the old liners had the troops to attend public meetings, write letters and send telegrams. (Five groups—Audubon, Isaac Walton League, National Wildlife Federation, Sierra Club, Wilderness Society—have a collective membership of more than two million, more than the rest of the private environmental organizations combined.)

The alliance of humanists and naturalists still functions, but there are signs that it is not quite so cordial as it was in the halcyon days of the early '70s. Leaders of the older organizations often feel that their traditional interests are being taken too lightly by the social activists. Writing in the *Pacific Historical Review*, the Sierra Club's Mike McCloskey commented, "In the context of the new environmental movement, wilderness preservation appears to many as parochial and old-fashioned. It looks suspiciously like a retreat to fantasy or a withdrawal from the real world. Ironically, wilderness advocates have been slow in pointing out that it is none of these things."

There is also a feeling that traditional environmentalism has been weakened by too many extraneous causes. Again McCloskey: "We began [in the '70s] to do the work of other movements, trying to deal with social ills, war, the tax sys-

tem, etc. In the name of environmentalism we were asked to do too much, to do more than society as a whole could do."

On the other side of the street, the humanists are increasingly critical of naturalists for not doing enough, taking too narrow a view.

"We are shifting to people-oriented cases, away from wildlife activities," says Bill Butler of the Environmental Defense Fund. "Toxic chemicals and energy are now 80% of our cases. At times our interests clash and we have to tell wildlife people, like the Friends of the Earth, to get another group to represent them. We can't say protect seals when our scientists say there are enough seals. Wildlife people have some very impractical ideas."

"Conservation groups are good organizations, and we appreciate their leadership," says Marlin Fitzwater of EPA, "but until recently they tended to emphasize esthetics. Wetlands and forests are important, but the gut issue is public health—bronchitis and emphysema—the fact that the air is so bad in Los Angeles that on about half the days of the year it is unsafe to jog outside."

It appears unlikely that the coolness between the humanists and naturalists will result in outright divorce; both parties still have many common interests and objectives. However, a not unlikely development within the movement is that the divisions between the two will become more apparent, their mutual causes and concerns will become more specialized, and the competition for public attention and support will become sharper.

Wide acceptance may have bureaucratized the environmental movement, made it somewhat less aggressive than it once was, and growth and bigness may have produced a certain amount of factionalism; but nothing can obscure the fact that environmentalists have become the most pervasive and successful of all contemporary reform movements. Their accomplishments are tangible. As a result of antipollution laws, enforcement procedures, research and public works, our air is considerably cleaner than it was in 1970. EPA monitoring stations report that in five years the



amount of sulphur dioxide in the atmosphere has decreased by 25%, carbon monoxide by 50% and suspended particles by 14%. The number of harmful bacteria and the amount of organic waste in our waters are less than they were five years ago. About 98% of the industrial and municipal plants that dump sewage into the water are now under Federal di-

rectives and compliance schedules to purify their operations. There is 90% less DDT in our body tissue than there was in 1972 when, under pressure from environmentalists, the pesticide was banned. And certainly the air and rain are not as hot with radioactive contaminants as they were a decade ago.

A good many other and perhaps even more important accomplishments cannot be precisely documented because they are essentially negative, i.e., they relate to disasters that have not occurred but probably would have without environmental pressures. Nobody knows how many more endangered or, for that matter, extinct species there might now be, how depleted our resources, how foul our air, water and land would be, if the environmental movement did not exist or was less effective than it has been. The overwhelming consensus is that these vital signs would be in a much worse, perhaps intolerable, condition if environmentalism had not intervened.

The movement has grown and prospered because the nation perceived that it was necessary, and there is every reason to predict that it will continue to be strong, for much remains to be done. The air may be better than it was in 1970, but it is still not very good. About 85% of the population currently lives in areas where air quality does not meet minimum national standards. Urban air has generally improved while rural air has become worse. A National Academy of Science study found that despite the cleanup efforts, auto emissions may be responsible for the death of 4,000 Americans annually. In 1975 a spot check of 28,000 industrial plants discharging sewage into our waters showed that 65% were violating environmental laws. The level of phosphate and nitrogen pollutants in water increased in 1975. Some 9,000 communities serving 60% of the population will not be able to meet 1977 deadlines for sewage control. In this area a severe new problem—non-point sources of water pollution (that is, runoff carrying toxins and pollutants from residential areas, farms and industrial sites)—is just now being identified. Non-point sources may account for 50% of the water pollution in the country, and we have virtually no apparatus to control or purify these discharges.

A preliminary EPA survey indicates that almost every American has residues of two pesticide poisons—heptachlor and chlordane—in his or her body tissues. The two chemicals are widely used in household and agricultural products and are known cancer-causing compounds. EPA Administrator Russell Train believes that controlling and eliminating these and many other toxic substances is an area in which environmental protection has been weakest and in which some of our gravest problems lie. More and more, he contends, we will find that environmental degradation and contamination will prove to be the heretofore unsuspected cause of a variety of health problems and that when this is recognized, environmentalism may be regarded as a kind of preventive medicine.

The status of useful natural resources is another source

of major concern. Each year because of erosion we lose 3.5 billion tons of soil. Last year 2.2 million acres of land were paved over, urbanized, flooded or turned into industrial sites. In 1975, 1.2 million acres of wildlife habitat were lost to developers, but only 86,000 acres were set aside for national wildlife preserves. In 1975 we imported 90% of the manganese, cobalt, chromium, titanium, niobium, strontium and sheet mica that we used. It is estimated that in 25 years our domestic resources will have been so depleted that we will be totally dependent on foreign mines for 12 necessary minerals and 75% dependent for 19 others. Nevertheless, in 1973 only about 7% of consumer wastes were salvaged and recycled.

To environmentalists—and everyone else—the most pressing shortage is that in energy. For most of this century the United States (which consumes 30% of the world's energy production) has been powered principally by petroleum. Currently we are using energy at the rate of about 75 quadrillion BTUs a year. About 45% of this energy total is derived from petroleum, 30% from natural gas, 18% from coal, 4% from hydroelectric sources, 2% from nuclear plants and the remainder from exotics or antiquities such as solar, geothermal and wood power.

We are using oil at the rate of more than 16 million barrels a day, over half of it to run our transportation system. Our domestic petroleum reserves are estimated to be 33 to 75 billion barrels, worldwide reserves are about 660 billion barrels. At anything near the present rate of consumption, we will run out of oil sometime in the next 30 to 70 years. The limits to growth of a petroleum culture obviously have been reached.

Despite this bleak situation, there is a consensus (of everyone from Ronald Reagan to Barry Commoner, including past and present "energy czars" William Simon and Frank Zerk) that we have done virtually nothing to create an effective national plan for saving petroleum or developing practical alternatives.

Virtually all of the actions that came out of the oil-emergence panic of 1973-74 were aimed not at conservation but at stepping up domestic production and pursuing our sources of foreign oil so as to maintain existing oil habits. We have become more addicted to gasoline and diesel oil than ever, using 138.8 billion gallons this year, 4.4 billion more than the previous high of 1973.

The development of alternatives to petroleum has been slow and erratic and the focus of acrimonious dispute. Major coal reserves exist in the northwestern plains states, but their development has been opposed by agricultural,

continued

mining and environmental interests. The objections are that strip mining for the coal will preclude other uses, degrade the land and water and create environmental havoc. Furthermore, coal burning is the dirtiest means of obtaining energy: it could escalate pollution levels that are already critical. The generation of nuclear power, once thought to be the solution to future energy needs, has not developed as rapidly or as well as predicted. After a 20-year effort, it now accounts for 2% of our energy supply. Costs of producing nuclear power have proved to be higher, profits lower and technological problems greater than anticipated. Consumer and environmental groups are frightened and/or angry about the risks of producing nuclear power and the long-term problems of disposing of nuclear wastes.

In some environmental quarters the drying up of petroleum reserves is regarded more as a blessing in disguise than a disaster. The reasoning is that an inordinate number of problems—everything from the destruction of caribou range to filthy air—are directly connected with petroleum consumption. When (the question of "if" no longer seems debatable) we are forced to withdraw from our petroleum habit, we may have an opportunity to make use of new and cleaner energy sources, to turn to solar, geothermal, wind and thermal power. However hopeful this may be for the world of the future, development of exotic energy sources has been hampered by a lack of research planning and funds and, according to some, by the hostility of the producers of conventional power. A recent report prepared for New Hampshire Senator Thomas McIntyre charges that General Electric, Westinghouse and TRW, because of their heavy involvement with nuclear power, have vigorously and effectively lobbied against Federal funding of solar research. Which brings to mind the joke—or astute observation—circulating during the 1973-74 fuel shortage: The energy crisis will end as soon as Congress gives Mobil Oil a 99-year lease on the sun.

There is an overriding reason why so little has been done to face up to energy realities. The panic of 1973-74 clearly demonstrated to national politicians that it is rash, possibly suicidal, to support measures that would appreciably interfere with our petroleum habits. Therefore the thrust of the decisions that have been made is to permit America to go on being a petroleum culture and let another President, let another Congress, let another generation worry about what happens when this becomes impossible.

Land use and controls, like energy use and controls, are often cited by environmentalists as being fundamental to

many other issues. "I am in no way trying to minimize our air or water problems or the antipollution work being done in this area," says Elvis Stahr at National Audubon. "However, those are the easiest elements to deal with. If we chose to stop dumping wastes into the air, pollution there would disappear in a matter of a few weeks. It would take longer to clear up the water, but not much. When it comes to land—which has been drenched in contaminants and toxins, eroded, leached, covered over with asphalt and concrete—any cleanup or restoration will take a lot longer and require much larger investments. Nevertheless, this effort must be made. We live on the land and that is where we have had our greatest and most unfortunate environmental impact. Land use is the area in which there is the greatest need for us to change our behavior."

If anything, changing land-use habits may prove to be even more unpopular than tampering with petroleum habits. Large-scale attempts to impose land controls, to restrict private-property rights, have thus far been very controversial. Last year a bill encouraging the states, with subsidies, to preserve more open space and create tighter restrictions on how and where land could be used was defeated in Congress, having been adamantly opposed by rural, real estate and development interests. So one might have predicted defeat for a massive plan involving restrictions on how Californians could play, work, travel and live in that state's coastal zone—yet it was approved by the state legislature.

Another major national land-use fight (or so opponents characterize it) has developed as an outgrowth of air-pollution legislation. Under an amendment to the Clean Air Act, EPA established regulations that would allow states to prevent air pollution in areas where the air is still relatively pure, notably in the Rocky Mountain states. Opposition has again been considerable. "These are among the most dangerous environmental proposals," says F. W. Chapman Jr. of Atlantic Richfield, which has building plans in the clean-air zones. "If they are carried through, they could effectively halt private development in large areas. In effect, it is regional zoning by the Federal government."

The feeling that there is some kind of master environmental plan that has been created secretly and is being unveiled little by little is not an uncommon one. However, according to Russell Train, the EPA chief and therefore the man most likely to know, there isn't one. Train says there is no national environmental model specifying how much wilderness, green space, rural and developed land we should have; how many species of animals and plants we should preserve; how clean the water and air should be; how much environmental sickness and death we can tolerate; or how healthy we can afford to be. "Creating such a model," says Train, "is intellectually interesting but it would be inexpressibly difficult to do and it might not be desirable. To the extent it was acted upon, it would tie future generations to our ideas of what is environmentally desirable and affordable. Our descendants may have quite dif-

ferent notions about what constitutes the good life."

There may be no comprehensive environmental guidelines (or conspiracy, as opponents sometimes hint), but there does seem to be a common theme connecting the programs and policies that environmentalists often cite as being the most urgently needed: land-use restrictions, control of toxic substances, environmental disease prevention, conservation of resources, the development of clean energy sources. Implicit in the new round of proposed reforms are suggestions that environmental purity—not profits, convenience, warmth or mobility—should be the main criterion for choosing new energy systems. For the same reason it is suggested that we forego the use of a variety of chemical compounds that have made farming, manufacturing and domestic living more productive and less costly or laborious. National controls on land use emphatically suggest that we cut back on or more closely regulate activities such as developing residential subdivisions, shopping centers, ski resorts, marinas, highways, airports and industrial parks. So far as natural resources are concerned, if we are to conserve them and protect the land and waters to which they are found, we must ultimately consume less. All in all, the thrust of the new environmental demands is that to promote environmental harmony we must reduce the rate of development and become much less progressive as progress is commonly understood.

Behind this reasoning are certain all but indisputable premises. The world can feed and shelter just so many of us, provide us with just so many useful resources, absorb just so much of our waste and poisons, tolerate just so much growth and development. What is disputable is just how close we are to these finite environmental limits. The present oil shortages and many pollution problems could have been largely avoided had we at, say, the turn of the century, banned the internal combustion engine, which was only just coming into wide use. Yet there are few if any of us who now would agree that such a prohibition would have been prudent then. Analogously, perhaps we are now still a long way from any environmental limits, the planetary carrying capacity, so to speak. Perhaps by doing this and that, mending our ways moderately, continuing with palliative actions, we can go on for a long time doing more or less what we have been doing.

Many environmentalists think otherwise, contending that we have in fact very little time in which to create new institutions and life-styles suitable for an environmentally balanced—rather than exploitative—society. One way or another, so this scenario runs, we will poison, pollute and

consume less. We will do so either because we rationally and voluntarily choose to change our behavior or because we are forced to change by inexorable natural forces and realities. In the latter case, our potential for environmental mischief would be curtailed because we would have forested and abused the planet to the point where the range and numbers of our species would be drastically reduced. Any such enforced reduction would presumably be attended by terrible, if not terminal, hardships. Time is of the essence, warn many environmentalists. We are the generations that must pay the bills for past excesses or else dumbly accept the unimaginably awful consequences of environmental default and bankruptcy.

Each day clouds of arsenic-laden smoke from a 585-foot copper-smelter stack rain down on Anaconda, Mont. The arsenic smoke is the principal reason why the community has an abnormally high death rate from cancer and respiratory diseases. However, there is little agitation to shut down the Anaconda operation. "Without the smelter, this town couldn't support two cowboys and a saloon," says the bargaining agent for the local union that represents 1,100 smelter workers.

Unquestionably, controversies about the substance and timing of the new round of preventive growth-and-expansion-limiting environmental reforms will cut deeper than have previous debates about cleanup and corrective proposals. They should, implicit in suggestions that environmental stability and purity take precedence over profits and production is the demand that we drastically alter our fundamental economic theories and practices and the lifestyle predicated on them.

Emmett McLoughlin, who works for a shopping center and home builder and is a member of the city council in Tucson, has been waging a public campaign against no-growth policies, which he feels efficient, intellectual environmentalists are attempting to force on the city. "The working people in this community have been backed into a corner by the non-productive elements in Tucson who want to stop the growth of the city," says McLoughlin. He also says, "The private automobile and the single-family house are the embodiment of America's quest for maximum personal freedom."

Environmentalists have been the most effective reformists of the past 25 years. If the reforms they are now proposing are accepted, they could well be remembered as the most successful American revolutionaries since 1776. END



Up, up and Away on New Year's Day!

As has been suspected for some time, there is more to Pitt's Tony Dorsett than a fleet, powerful runner wearing jersey No. 33. Come game day, Dorsett, a mild-mannered communications major at a large metropolitan university, slips into a convenient locker room and emerges as the Man of Steel—or, at the very least, the superman from the Steel City. Illustrating the bowl previews on the following pages are other superheroes who lead double lives, students during the week, leaping over tall tacklers on the weekends. They appear here 1) not as you will see them on Jan. 1, and 2) as they will never be caught dead again.



*George's Junkyard Dogs—
Lawrence Craft (92), Dick
Clark (87), Jeff Sanders (98)
and Mark Mitchell (24), with
Irend—are in for a scrap.*



*Abbie Blackwell (32) and Wil-
son Whitley of the Coogers are
pumping themselves up for the
Cotton Bowl game, which most
definitely will not be rigged*





The Taraspine of Maryland have been riding on the back of Quarterback Mark Menges all season, so it seems fair that he get a chance to do the same.



It was a lot to ask, especially of a 220-pound fullback who was fresh from rampaging over Ohio State, but Michigan's Rob Lyle rose to the occasion.



Hail to Rocky Bell, the Trojans' conquering hero, who promises that when he challenges the mighty forces of Michigan, there'll be no horsing around.

If Pitt Gets Bit, the Rose Becomes Thorny

The Sugar Bowl may have the sugar, with No. 1 Pitt and those sweet Georgia Bulldogs. But in Pasadena, Michigan and USC are ready to write another ending to the script

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

The proliferation of bowl games—seven of the current lineup of 12 are post-World War II babies, and six of those were conceived after 1959—has made for a confusing, albeit low-yield, pliant that bowls serve no purpose but to extend the season. Well, let's hear it for extending the season. Nothing wrong with that. College football is just getting interesting when it ups and relinquishes most of December to the pros. Better to have imaginative bowl committees drumming up matches which, if not made in heaven, at least suffice in Houston and El Paso. Consider these meaty extenders to the current holiday season:

—Notre Dame, only 8-3 this year but always worth another look, is playing Penn State for the first time since 1928 in the Gator Bowl (Jacksonville). If you thought you would never see Notre Dame in less than a "major" bowl, remember that the Irish got a taste of honey (i.e., large cashier's checks) when it broke tradition to go bowling in 1970 and has become addicted. Besides, it got to pick its opponent, and this season Penn State is a four-time loser.

—Alabama is playing UCLA for the first time, in the Liberty (Memphis). This marks Alabama's 30th bowl appearance, a record. And 18th straight bowl game, a record. And 23rd bowl for Coach Bear Bryant, a record. Many people believe Bryant invented bowl games so he could go to them. He did not pick UCLA, which has a 9-1-1 record and is nine slots higher than Alabama in the rankings. Probably an oversight.

—Wyoming, co-champion of the Western Athletic Conference after a turnabout from 2-9 to 8-3, which included winning five games by a total of 15 points, is playing heavily favored Oklahoma in the Fiesta (Tempe, Ariz.). This is interesting because of what happened to heavily favored Nebraska at the same intersection when it played the WAC's Arizona State last year.

The four Jan. 1 bowls—Sugar, Rose, Orange and Cotton—purport to prove something, but what?

Well, the Cotton is going to prove that you can't return

to paradise cum laude by beating on Richmond, Villanova and Virginia, because those were numbered among unbeaten Maryland's more or less feckless victims. The Terrapins, bowling for the first time in a "major" in 21 years, are ranked an unsteady fourth, and no matter what they do to Houston in Dallas, they will not get a nod for the national championship when the roll is called up yonder in the AP and UPI offices. Pittsburgh-Georgia in the Sugar will decide that, maybe in conjunction with USC-Michigan in the Rose.

Houston is in the Cotton, proving with Wyoming and the others that this was indeed a year of dramatic turn-arounds—teams rising up from moribund states as the logical result of the NCAA's rule (now four years old) restricting football scholarships to 30 a year and allowing freshmen to play. Thus the talent was parceled around, and programs took off. Houston was particularly remarkable: from 2-8 to 9-2 it went, winning the co-championship of the Southwest Conference in its very first try. And if it is true that the equalizing measures resulted in there being no super team this fall, again, what's wrong with that?

The Orange Bowl, matching Colorado (8-3) and Ohio State (8-2-1), a ho-hummer by that bowl's usual high standards, nevertheless demonstrates a number of things, including: 1) that conference bowl tie-ups are highly combustible; 2) that logic is still anathema to the NCAA's capricious bowl-selection policies, and 3) that a reappraisal of ABC's position as perennial telecaster of college football is probably in order.

To elaborate, the Orange's two-year-old tie-up with the Big Eight came to late-blooming grief when a five-team race in that best of all leagues developed. The Big Eight asked the Orange Bowl for a formula to free teams for other bowls' consideration when the NCAA's capricious Nov. 20 selection date came around. The formula for picking the Big Eight representative to the Orange Bowl was complex but hardly foolproof. It all but eliminated Oklahoma immediately. Thus, on Nov. 27, when the eighth-ranked Sooners beat Nebraska, the Orange Bowl was left with Colorado, a co-champion but 12th-ranked, Ohio State, 11th, was chosen over UCLA to sell more tickets and bring more American Express cards to Miami. An all-Western pairing of Colorado-UCLA was not deemed desirable.

The point—argued here before—is that none of this would have happened if the NCAA had reconsidered the premature bowl selection date—anything earlier than the

continued

THE BOWLS *continued*

last week of the season being premature. Why it feels it must continue this pretense is anybody's guess. The old argument that the major bowls need the time to promote is belied every year, as witness the Astro-Bluebonnet's pleasure in grabbing Nebraska on Nov. 27.

This year, when the frantic milling was over and the season played to conclusion, two four-time losers were in bowls, and attractive teams like Iowa State (8-3), Cincinnati (8-3), San Diego State (10-1) and Cinderella Rutgers (11-0) were shut out.

ABC's part in this may be more insidious. Holding rights to both the regular-season games and the Sugar Bowl, it becomes, at bowl time, both an ally and a competitor. Various cans of worms are thus opened. In its regular scheduling, for example, ABC asked just before the season began that the Nebraska-Oklahoma game be moved from Nov. 20 to Nov. 26. It may have seemed harmless at the time, but in the end it helped sabotage the Orange Bowl and NBC.

What may be worse is ABC's implied involvement—and possible duplicity—in the Sugar Bowl's team selection, which was made more obvious this year because the Sugar pulled out the plum in top-ranked Pittsburgh and its marvelous Heisman Trophy winner, Tony Dorsett. There is absolutely nothing wrong with the Sugar Bowl getting Pittsburgh. It is a deserving bowl, and New Orleans is a good place to go for oysters, and though it cannot match the Orange's or Cotton's \$1 million payoff to competing teams, \$750,000 sure ain't hay.

But maybe it can, too, match the others. With a little help from its friends at ABC, all things become possible. Near the end of the regular season, Pitt, apparently Orange Bowl-bound, was suddenly presented an ABC regional telecast—worth \$190,000—for its game with five-time loser West Virginia. One Miami newspaper, hardly a disinterested observer—called the West Virginia telecast "an outright bribe."

A couple of days after the game a survey taken by the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* revealed that the majority of the 22 Pitt players questioned wanted to go to the Orange (Dorsett said he preferred "a good time on the beach"—doesn't Miami have a beach?). When the actual vote was taken, the Sugar was selected.

Did ABC intercede? Well, if Pittsburgh, sans the graduated Dorsett, gets two or three regular-season television dates (\$500,000-plus) next year, as the Miami News said it was told would happen by an unnamed ABC official, one would have to think so. Who knows? Certainly no ABC executive has made a public confession. It could be that coercion was not necessary, the implication of the "possibilities" being enough.

Whatever, the situation spawns bad feelings and is not healthy. The solution, which seems as simple as moving the bowl selection date back a week—and may be just as hard to effect—is to give NBC and CBS a shot at the college games on a rotating basis and so allow bidding each year only between those two networks that do not have the package at the time. This would prevent one network from dominating and from making "arrangements." And, if nothing else, it would spare us all of those insipid halftime interviews ABC loves to inflict on coaches, which they obviously loathe.

By whatever route it took, the Sugar Bowl has, in Pittsburgh (11-0) vs. Georgia (10-1), the bowl season's most important game. Fortuitous would be another description—certainly it is a better test for Pitt than, say, Houston or Colorado would have been.

Having done everything required of it in the regular season—routing Notre Dame in its first game and Penn State in its last, never once scoring fewer than three touchdowns and seven times holding the opposition to one touchdown or less—Pittsburgh arrives at this point deserving to be No. 1. In this, Johnny Majors' last of an amazing four years there before going home to coach Tennessee, a Pittsburgh Sugar Bowl triumph over the Southeastern Conference champion would assuredly cap the national championship. No further proof necessary.

But what if Georgia wins? It has been assumed all along that such a mishap would toss the question of who's No. 1 to the USC-Michigan matchup in the Rose Bowl, where the year's other glamour running backs, USC's Ricky Bell and Michigan's Rob Lytle, are expected to shine. Both teams currently rank higher than Georgia—Michigan is No. 2, USC 3, Georgia 5 by AP, 4 by UPI.

But if you were a Georgia man you

would petition for a harder look at the evidence. You would say forget the polls for now. You would argue that the Bulldogs played the toughest schedule of any of the top five teams, and in a tougher league. That they defeated more winning teams (five to USC's four and Michigan's and Maryland's three and Pitt's two), and that the combined record of their opposition was 59-59-3, compared to USC's 58-63-1, Michigan's 54-65-2, Maryland's 52-64-5 and Pitt's 52-66-2.

How much better was the SEC than the Big Ten or the Pac-8? If you were a Georgia man and properly indignant, you would point out that SEC teams won 33 games and lost only 14 outside the league, a .702 average compared with the Big Ten's 14-14-2 (.500) and the Pac-8's 16-16-1 (.500). You would argue that the Big Ten and Pac-8 were two-team races. You would dismiss Maryland on the same grounds, adding that the Terrapins did not even play North Carolina, the second-best team in their own Atlantic Coast Conference.

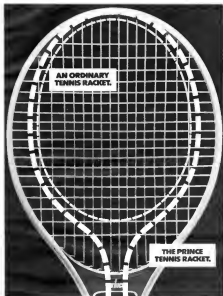
For sure, Pittsburgh has bitten off a considerably larger piece than it may have thought it had on Nov. 20. The irrepressible Bulldogs of Vince Dooley routed Alabama 21-0 in midseason and then, as Bryant himself predicted, "got better." They are a salty blend of guts and guile, a minor image of Majors' Panthers, well balanced on offense, tenacious and disciplined on defense, not particularly big but very physical, and absolutely impossible to discourage.

The difference between the two teams, says Dooley, is that Pittsburgh has Superman. He means Dorsett. It is not likely that Georgia, being restricted by the rules to playing 11 men at a time, will present this splendid athlete anything he has not seen defensively, although Dorsett's associates on offense may be surprised by the intensity with which the Bulldogs go about their work. Georgia plays what is, basically, an eight-man line: two tackles, two ends and four linebackers, with a rover, Bill Krug, who is exceedingly active and makes more big plays than any defensive player Dooley ever had.

It is likely that Krug's ability—or inability—to get to Dorsett will be a factor, but so will be the eight-man line, which can be a suffocating thing for a runner. Duke held Dorsett to 45 yards in the first half with a similar play, but when it looked up, Pitt Quarterback Matt

continued

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THE BOWLS *continued*

Cavanaugh had thrown five touchdown passes. Penn State had early success with an eight, but Dorsett kept hunting and pecking and, suddenly appearing at full-back in an I formation (Pitt runs the veer 70% of the time), broke the game open in the second half.

The advantage to Georgia is that it plays this defense all the time, believes in it and, against veer-type option attacks, swarms to the run and consistently takes the pass away. Its linebackers play all manner of stunting games, and Georgia's three deep backs are seldom caught out of position.

Unfortunately, stopping Dorsett also depends on Georgia's offense. Dooley is up on his Superman (Georgia has "held" Dorsett to 101 and 104 yards in two previous meetings in 1973 and '75). "Against Dorsett," he says, "you can't afford to leave the defense on the field too long. It will get tired, but Dorsett won't. It's not that he gets stronger, it's that he does not get tired. It's absolutely incredible. He carries 30 times a game, and not only doesn't get hurt but doesn't get tired." To keep his defense fresh, and to win, Dooley says Georgia must control the ball, as it did 70% of the time in victories over Florida and Alabama.

There are other questions. How well will the Bulldogs get to Pitt's smallest linebackers? If All-America Middle Guard Al Romano is neutralized, will Quarterback Ray Goff be able to option off the Pittsburgh ends? And, if he gets strong reaction to the outside, will the counter-dives work? It should be remembered, too, that though Goff is not a bad passer, he has not had to throw much. It would probably be best for Georgia if he continued not to have to.

What would be best for Georgia if it upset Pittsburgh would be to have the Rose Bowl game blacked out (ABC could probably arrange it), because the Rose comes on after the Sugar and Cotton, and pollsters' memories are short. Alabama won a national championship one year by wowing the late viewers in the Orange Bowl after upsets had scrambled the other bowls during the day. It could happen in Pasadena.

In that eventuality, one could build an overwhelming case for USC, because it may overwhelm Michigan. The Trojans have enormous talent (size, speed—the works) and, in John Robinson's first year as head coach, they have given Quis-

continued

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THE BOWLS

terback Vince Evans things to do besides spoon-feed the ball to Tailback Ricky Bell. What is worse for Michigan, Bell is healthy after some late-season miseries and is perfectly amenable to busting up people from the fullback position whenever Robinson wants him and the freshman prodigy Charles White in the game in the same time.

Michigan routed Ohio State because Ohio State could not pass. USC can pass, either with Lyons or Rob Hertel. It also can defend against the pass. Rick Leach, the Michigan quarterback, is in a league that has not yet granted suffrage to quarterbacks (only heretic Purdue sends passing quarterbacks to the pros). Leach is a fine athlete but an ordinary passer. The Lytle-Bell running match should be entertaining, but USC, whose bowl batting average is the best of any team with 10 or more appearances (15-6), has built a better mousetrap.

Now that you have absorbed all that technical stuff, forget it. Since bowls became a party to the postseason national championship polls in 1965, upsets have been epidemic. A man with a sporting bent could have made a bundle betting underdogs. If he had taken the points in the last 12 Rose, Orange, Sugar, Cotton and Gator bowls, he would have won 38 out of 59 times—64%.

In the Rose Bowl over that period, the favorite has not only failed to make the spread eight out of 12 times, but it has also lost six times. In the Gator, nine of 11 underdogs beat the spread—and seven won the game.

Last year Ohio State (a 14-point favorite) lost to UCLA 23-10 in the Rose Bowl; Alabama (12 points) beat Penn State but only by 13-6 in the Sugar; Texas A&M (6 points) lost to USC in the Liberty; Nebraska (13½ points) lost to Arizona State in the Fiesta; Kansas (3 points) lost to Pitt in the Sun; Florida (7 points) lost to Maryland in the Gator; North Carolina State (2½ points) lost to West Virginia in the Peach. The year before, nine of 10 favorites failed to make the spread.

This is not to encourage betting on underdogs, be they Bull or any other breed (Pitt is favored by 3, Michigan by 6 in the curly line). This is not to encourage betting at all. This is to say, however, that all things considered, if you were Pittsburgh at this late date you might feel well extended.

END

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Basketball's Week

by KENT HANNOH

WEST From the start it was The Digger Phelps Show. The Notre Dame basketball coach twice flashed V-for-victory signs during a outside interview before Saturday's game at UCLA. Then Phelps dashed upstairs to give ailing John Wooden a kind word and a couple of medals from that morning's Mass. Chorus of Bronx cheers greeted Phelps during the pregame introductions, to which the ex-Fordham coach responded by doing an exaggerated double take. Then he laughed. It was not his last laugh of the afternoon, either.

Two hours later Phelps and his Irish had dumped UCLA 66-63, to become the first team outside the Pac 8 to beat the Bruins at Pauley Pavilion; it opened in 1965. To rub it in, a Notre Dame freshman from California led the Irish rading party. Rich Branning, a 6'3", 160-pound will-o'-the-wisp from nearby Huntington Beach, scored the basket that put Notre Dame ahead 64-63 and the Irish had defeated UCLA for the fourth straight year. Said an ecstatic Phelps, "Somebody up there must like us because I'm no saint."

San Francisco may be the best of the West. The talented young Dons drilled Houston 100-85, leading 6-0 before the Cougars could even get a shot. In the Utah Classic, they stopped Tennessee 86-77 in the first round, then rose up and smote giant-killer Utah 91-81 in the final. The host team had upset Nevada-Las Vegas 100-96 earlier in the week.

Another big win would have made it quite a week for the Utes, who led San Francisco, as they had Las Vegas, at halftime. But against the Rebels, a second-half letdown didn't cost them the game. Playing before a spirited home crowd, Utah was ahead 70-50 but allowed Vegas to creep up to 97-96 with 15 seconds to go before prevailing. Redskin Point Guard Jeff Jonas made 12 straight free throws (37 in a row over two seasons), scored 20 points and passed out 15 assists.

Las Vegas had to convert 42 of 44 free throws to climb out of a 13-point hole at San Diego State four nights later, eventually winning 118-113 as Guard Sam Smith broke loose for 34 points and Forward Eddie Owens put in 31 for the second consecutive game.

Arizona barely broke a sweat in sweating Adams State 115-55, Northwestern 78-64 and Pacific 78-60. The Adams State mismatch broke a week-old Wildcat record for single-game scoring margin and also produced a school-record 75 rebounds.

UNC-Charlotte roared off with the Road-

runner Classic trophy by beating host New Mexico State in the final 85-81. Cornbread Maxwell scored 30 points in the championship game. Coach Lee Rose said his players learned more Spanish in two days than they had in four years of high school, but when asked about the country, geography major Maxwell said, "It sure is empty."

1. SAN FRANCISCO (8-0)
2. ARIZONA (7-0) 3. UCLA (3-1)

MIDWEST Louisville put on a special pre-Christmas show for the fans at the Idaho State game, starring "The Doctors of Dunk"—Durrell Griffith, Wesley Cox and Ricky Wilson. Griffith looked as though he could have touched the top of the backboard on a breakaway slam in the first half, and by the time Wilson jammed one home midway through the second half, Louisville was safely on its way to an 89-68 victory. "The adrenaline flows through the guy who dunks and into the other guys," said Dr. Wilson.

Cincinnati could use some medical assistance. Forward Pat Cummings, the team's best shooter the last two years, has yet to see action. Center Robert Miller was sidelined against Bowling Green, the first game he has missed in three years. The Bearcats won 67-63 even though Miller's replacement, 6'8" Paul Fazekas, caught a finger in the eye and had to leave the game to get two stitches. "I think tonight was one of those times when it was important that we had CINCINNATI written across our chests," said Coach Gale Catlett. Forward Brian Williams scored a career-high 29 points in a 122-78 rout of St. Joseph's (Ind.) that raised the team scoring average to 101.4 per game.

1. CINCINNATI (5-0)
2. LOUISVILLE (3-2) 3. SO. ILLINOIS (6-1)

MIDEAST While Indiana was losing to Kentucky, for its second consecutive defeat of the season (page 26), further trouble was brewing in Bloomington. On Thursday, Mike Miday, a starter in the Hoosiers' loss to Toledo and a player who seemed ideally suited to Indiana's style, quit the team because of a conflict with Coach Bobby Knight. The university's official announcement stated that Miday felt that he had made the wrong choice of school, but in an interview with the student paper the 6'8", 215-pound Ohioner revealed that

his problem had been one of personalities.

"I think my high school record speaks for itself," Miday said. "I could have played here. That's not the reason I'm leaving. I couldn't stand the way Knight treated me. I felt that as a player on the NCAA championship team I deserved better than to be treated as an object and demeaned in public. When he recruits you, you don't see him in a tense situation. In a game, he just goes bananas. I could take the tough practices, but it was the mental pressure. I'm terrified of the guy."

Purdue fans have taken seven-foot Joe Barry Carroll under their wing, dubbing the shy freshman "Rocky Mountain High." He showed why in Purdue's thrilling 72-70 defeat of Louisville. The score was 57-57 when Carroll put the Boilermakers ahead with a soft jumper. Then he blocked a shot, grabbed the ball and passed off to start a fast break. When a teammate missed the layup, Joe Barry was there to tip it in. He blocked another shot as the late going, made three important free throws—and was too embarrassed to talk to the press afterward.

Michigan showed no reluctance to assert itself, sinking 22 of 29 shots in the second half and racing away with a 97-76 win at Vanderbilt. Rickey Green and Phil Hubbard combined for 50 points. "They shoot like no team I've ever seen," said Vandy Coach Wayne Dobbs, "and their speed is awesome."

"If Florida can score 70 points, they will beat us," said Marquette's Al McGuire before the Warriors' 64-61 win at Ganesville. Marquette had less trouble with Western Michigan (78-53) and Penn State (79-69), but McGuire was having more with Forward Bernard Toome, a likely superstar who is playing behind walk-on Bill Neary. Said Al, "It would be nice if Bernard knew the plays."

Wisconsin found out what teams like VMI discovered last year—DePaul can't cut it against a zone. Down 34-4 and utterly confused by the Blue Demons' offense, the Badgers abandoned their man-to-man and had DePaul's 6'11" Center Dave Corzine (23 points) to only one basket in the final 12 minutes. What finally undid the visitors from Chicago, however, was an official's ruling that disallowed Ron Norwood's last-second bucket, which would have sent the game into overtime. "Norwood got the shot off before the buzzer," said Wisconsin Coach Bill Coffield, whose team won 68-66. "Somebody at the table just blew it."

Duke spoiled the reopening of the Bernie and Ernie Show in Knoxville, overcoming 40 points from Ernie Grunfeld, and reinstated star Bernard King to beat Tennessee 81-78. Duke's Olympic sharpshooter, Tate Armstrong (29 points), no doubt wishes he could play every game against the Vols' zone.

1. MICHIGAN (3-0)
2. KENTUCKY (4-0) 3. MARQUETTE (4-0)
continued



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COLLEGE BASKETBALL continued

EAST The top 20 isn't nothing but ink," advised Rhode Island Guard Stan Wright after the Rams had beaten highly regarded Washington State 72-65 in Kingston. URI's sagging zone defense controlled the Cougars' pair of 6'11" giants, Steve Pardoias and Stuart House. Rhode Island even won the battle of the backboards 52-41.

But the man who really ruined the trip East for Washington State was Rhode Island freshman Sylvester (Sly) Williams. No shrinking violet, Sly called a press conference last spring to announce to the world that he intended to go to Providence after a banner high school career in New Haven, Conn. Sly stood right there and said so, then hopped in a car and enrolled at URI. The 6'7", 205-pound forward scored 20 points against Washington State and has been a big factor in Rhode Island's 5-0 start.

A long jump shot by Hofstra's Ken Rood and a steal by teammate Rich Laurel gave the Flying Dutchmen a 67-66 victory over Southern Illinois in the finals of the Pittsburgh Classic. Until Rood got hot and scored 12 points in the last six minutes, the game had been essentially a contest between Laurel (31 points, tournament MVP) and the Salukis' Mike Glenn (33 points). SIU had advanced to the final by posting Put 72-67. Glenn scored 32 in that one, and SIU sank 14 of its first 16 from the floor.

Syracuse won for the sixth time in seven games with 6'11" freshman Roosevelt Bouie distinguishing himself. St. John's registered an 86-70 triumph over Rutgers as Guard Glen Williams fired in 33 points.

Kansas ventured into New York's Madison Square Garden, where the Jayhawks (5-1) outguffed Fordham 57-48. Keven McDonald, a 6'6" junior, scored 24 points in Penn's 68-64 win over Virginia. Holy Cross won the Colonial Classic in Boston after surviving a 92-85 overtime struggle against Massachusetts and a 67-65 Sunday afternoon dog-fight with Providence.

North Carolina had to resort to its four-corners "offense" to keep the ball away from Virginia Tech and hang on to an 81-77 victory in Roanoke. In fact, the alignment worked so well in the last minute that the Gobbiers couldn't even get to the man with the ball to commit a foul until four seconds remained.

Maryland downed East Carolina 80-69 but was unbeaten a year ago at this time when it destroyed the Pirates 127-84. But the Terps looked much better beating DePaul 92-74 on Sunday night. Undeclared Wake Forest beat William & Mary 90-84 in overtime behind Rod Griffin's 34 points. George Washington was upended by Connecticut 73-70, pushing the Huskies' record to 3-1.

1. NORTH CAROLINA (4-1)

2. MARYLAND (6-1) 3. GEORGETOWN (3-0)



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THE WINTER GAMES WIN A MEDAL



BASKETBALL ANNOUNCER DICK ENBERG WAS THE BEST IN '76

Come February, sports fans may get the feeling that some of the TV programming they most enjoyed in 1976 is missing. The thing missing most, of course, will be the Winter Olympics, which were the subject of perhaps the finest job of production, direction and announcing ever put on the air. In a year during which the three major networks presented 1,275 hours of sports, ABC's coverage of the Winter Games surpassed everything else, and of all the feathers in Roone Arledge's Tyrolean hat, none is any brighter than the one for those 43½ hours from Innsbruck. In the second annual presentation of the Leggy Awards for sports broadcasting, ABC receives the prize for the Best Coverage of a Single Event.

The rest of 1976's sports telecasting was filled with lesser highs, a lot of lows and some notable absences. Mainly because of the lack of a network contract, the American Basketball Association died during the year, and CBS canceled soccer after only two games. Al DeRogatis packed up his Xs and Os this fall and left NBC and, thankfully, there was less seen of Evel Knievel than at anytime in recent memory. There were 33 boxing bouts on the networks, many of them horrendous mismatches, and tennis ratings got zapped by oversaturation. Ah, but Madison Avenue loves tennis and golf because, the admen contend, they appeal to the elite, and the elite must be served. Someplace at this very mo-

ment, some package is probably developing a show entitled *Inner Polo*, starring Nelson Rockefeller, Paul Mellon and the ghost of J. Paul Getty.

The big TV Executive Suite story of the year is still developing in Moscow, where all three networks are bidding for the 1980 Summer Olympics. And how they are bidding. To obtain the rights to the Mexico City Games in 1968, ABC paid \$4.5 million; the price shot up to \$18 million for Munich in 1972 and to \$25 million for Montreal. The figure for Moscow in 1980 is likely to be more than \$60 million. Whoever gets that contract—and the lucky winner should be announced any day now—should be given a special "Diamond Jen" Brady Award, emblematic of a high place among 1976's other awardees.

WORST COVERAGE OF A MAJOR SPORT—ABC for undistinguished camera work and poor announcing on Monday Night Baseball.

TRUE GRIT AWARD—To General Manager James T. Lynch of WTOP-TV in Washington for continuing to carry games of the NHL Washington Capitals, despite the Caps' rock-bottom ratings during the past two seasons and the team's 1-27-3 record in games that have been televised.

NILSEN'S TOP 10 (ranked by number of viewers)—Super Bowl X (CBS); Muhammad Ali-Richard Dunn fight (NBC); NFC championship, Dallas vs. Los Angeles (CBS); AFC championship, Pittsburgh vs. Oakland (NBC); Rose Bowl (NBC); World Series, Game 4 (NBC); World Series, Game 3 (NBC); World Series, Game 2 (NBC); Summer Olympics, July 27 (ABC); Orange Bowl (NBC).

LEGGETT'S TOP 10 (ranked by personal preference)—Winter Olympics (ABC); World Series, Game 2 (NBC); Olympic Track and Field Trials (ABC); NCAA Basketball Championship Game, Michigan vs. Indiana (NBC);

Super Bowl X (CBS); World Series, Game 4 (NBC); recap of the third Ali-Joe Frazier fight (ABC); The Baseball World of Joe Garagiola, Oct. 17, which portrayed umpires as opera singers (NBC); Summer Olympics, afternoon of July 31 (ABC); Softball game between National and American League players to raise money for research on sickle-cell anemia (CBS).

WRIEST OBSERVATION—NBC's Gene Shalit, on *Man About Anything*, discussing the proliferation of possession college football games: "Remember when there was just the Rose Bowl? Now there are more than 20 bowl games. The Orange Bowl is played in Miami. If the Midshipmen from Annapolis had been good enough, it could have become the Naval Orange Bowl." Jacksonville has the Gator Bowl, which the loser calls a croc. Wichita Falls has a Pioneer Bowl. Before the game, the coaches psych up their players: "We're in the Pioneer Bowl—go out there and fix their wagons!" How about two teams of cotton farmers playing in the Weevil Bowl?

MOST OVEREXPOSED AND OVERSAID—Nada Comaneci, shots from blimps, punt, pass and kick contests, Jim McKay, *The Superstars*; tennis, Renee Richards; "on the money"; "on the numbers"; "on the board"; "on the show"; Alex Karras, "at the top of the season"; Hilton Head, Leroy Neuman, Bruce Jenner; and despoitions of "the Wall" at Fenway Park, one more of which will have all of us ready to climb it.

DANCING BACKWARDS MADLY—CBS Radio for being bright enough to put a show called *Women in Sports* on the air five days a week, and being sharp enough to have Liz Shanoy produce it, then being silly enough to have only male announcers on it.

AND REMEMBER YOE HEARD IT HERE FIRST—McKay of ABC telling his Winter Olympics audience that downhill Franz Klammer's gold-medal run would be repeated on tape the following evening. "It's something which should not go unnoticed a second time."

BET YOU CAN'T—Name the sport and the winners of any two of the following events that appeared on television in 1976: Alan King Classic, Louisville Classic, Island Holidays Pro Classic, Volvo Classic, American Classic, Westchester Classic, AMF Pro Classic.

continued



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TV-RADIO continued

SIC, ITA Pro Classic, Memphis Classic, Aloha Classic, Duke Kahanamoku Classic.

BEST ANNOUNCER—Dick Enberg (NBC) for his broadcasting of NCAA basketball and the Ali-Dunn fight

THE MOST IMPROVED ANNOUNCER—Phyllis George (CBS)

MOST MEMORABLE CAMERA WORK—ABC for keeping its lenses on Americans Edwin Moses and Mike Sluiter, who finished 1-2 in the 400-meter hurdles at the Montreal Games, as they took their victory lap and looked up at themselves on the huge TV screen inside the Olympic stadium. CBS for its end-zone shot showing Cardinal Terry Joyce's punt being blocked in the Dallas-St. Louis game on Thanksgiving. NBC for utilizing its center-field cameras throughout the World Series to show that the Yankee outfielders could not throw as well as Charlie's Angels.

BEST NEW SERIES—*The Olympiad* (PBS)

BEST CONTINUING SERIES—*The Way It Was* (PBS)

AMAZING GRACE AWARDS—TO Dick Butler of ABC for covering all those Lutes, Sachows and camels-into-flying-at-spins during the figure skating at Innsbruck with feeling, clarity and pose that put other athletes-turned-announcers to shame in 1976

YOU AIN'T COME THAT FAR, BABY AWARD—TO Billie Jean King of ABC for trying to put the World Wrestling Championships from Petaluma, Calif. into perspective by saying, "It's the World Series, Super Bowl and Wimbledon all rolled into one."

A WEEK ON GILLIGAN'S ISLAND—To anyone who can recall who had the best backhand in the Macdonald-Carey-Ben Murphy vs. Jim McKrell-Howard Duff doubles match on *Celebrity Tennis*.

HI-YO SILVER AWARD—TO NBC's Grandstand for showing Ivanjica's win in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp, then cutting away when the horse pitched Jockey Freddy Head to the ground, thus leaving the viewers to wonder if the rider was alive or dead and if the horse was running loose through the streets of Paris.

CORRECTIVE SNEAKER AWARD—TO Wonder Woman star Lynda Carter for doing acrobatics in harness on *The Battle of the Network Stars* and never landing correctly.

SHEER GALL AWARD—TO Atlanta Braves President Ted Turner, who also just happens to own TV station WTCC (Channel 17) in Atlanta, for issuing \$1 million free-agent Andy Messersmith uniform No. 17, then persuading him to wear the word Channel—instead of his name—above the number.

PUBLIC DEFENDER AWARD—TO Commissioner and lawyer Buise (No Overcost) Kuhn, who assumed that his job entitled him to prevent Howard Cosell, a sometime critic of baseball, from announcing baseball's championship series on ABC.

END

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NACMETH

CONTRACT: 6H The opening lead is the ten of spades. (Trumps are 2-2.) Muff this one and even Santa won't be able to help you on the others.

NORTH-

5 CONTRACT: 8H The opening lead is the king of clubs. What is the proper line of play?



2 CONTRACT: 7S (only because you are playing it) The opening lead is the four of spades. East follows. What is your plan?



3 CONTRACT: 6C The opening lead is the six of spades. Both you and your partner wanted to bid seven, but neither had the courage. How do you play to make six?



4 CONTRACT: 8NT The opening lead is the ten of diamonds. Just your luck to hold only 12 high-card points when your partner takes a flyer. But remember, this is Xmas



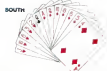
5 CONTRACT: 7NT East doubles, something very few players dare to do to you. But it's really a gift. How do you make the grand slam after the six of spades is led?



7 CONTRACT: 4D The opening is the jack of spades. You win the ace, cash the ace of diamonds and then play the queen. Alas, West rouses a heart. How do you play?



8 CONTRACT: 6S West, having stuck in a two-club overcall, opens his king of clubs. After ruffing in dummy, how do you make your slam?



9 CONTRACT: 4D West opened 2S (weak). North bid 2NT and East 3C. You ruff the king of spades lead and play the ace of diamonds, East shedding a club. Now what?



10 CONTRACT: 6H East overcalls 2S, then doubles the final contract. West leads the eight of spades. How do you make them pay for this double?



11 CONTRACT: 8NT West opens the ten of clubs. Make this one and you can boast about it the rest of the holiday season.

THROUGH THE YEARS WITH ALI



On the eve of Liston I, Ali said, "I am the greatest." And he was.

Out of Louisville he came, to become champion of the world—twice. Now Ali, whose worldwide celebrity may be unequalled in modern times, is near the end of his boxing career, and if no longer the greatest, he is still the best. He has quit, unquit and requit, the prerogative of the aging genius—and the signal for a shuffle down memory lane. Here is a sampling of his life and times.



Alien quit, and Ali was a crowing cock of a new champion.



Defeated, battered and bewildered, Lipton was a winner.



After which the boxer's mouth roared, and roared again.

CONTINUED



In 1965 Ali humiliated ex-champion Floyd Patterson.



Listen B, 1965: Ali by a KO in Round 1.



"From Viet Cong": a young fan marches for Ali.



Frazier I, 1971 and estimations of mortality. Ali goes down.



Back from exile, 1970. Ali beats Quarry.



Frazier II, 1974. Ali whips Joe.



Norton I: Ali suffers a broken jaw.



Norton II: Ali refuses to get decision.

CONTINUED



Frazier II: the legendary Thrilla in Manila was just this.



The 50th regained: outboxed Foreman falls in Zaire.



Mortality confirmed: Norton III was a dreary hacco.

In scores of stories over the years, this magazine has viewed, previewed, interviewed, analyzed, taken issue with and warmly praised Muhammad Ali, born Cassius Clay. This is a collection of excerpts from that record, each preceded by its issue date.

Sept. 25, 1961—The clapboard house at 3302 Grand Avenue, Louisville is a commonplace dwelling one story high and four rooms deep. The ornamental frame of the front screen door was curlicued by hand with a scroll saw, and the concrete steps to the gray front porch are painted in stripes, red, white and blue.

"Don't bother your head about that house," says Cassius Marcellus Clay Jr., 19 going on 20, the lyncal young man, lyncally named, who grew up there. "One of these days they're liable to make it a national shrine. Only by that time I'll be long gone, man, living it up on the top of a hill in a house that cost me \$100,000. You'll find me out by the swimming pool, and I'll be talking to a bunch of little boys sitting in a circle around my feet. 'Boys,' I'll say to them, 'I was just a poor boxer once, as I reckon you already know. Only I was a very fine boxer, one of the finest that ever lived. And right there's how come I could move out of that little house down there and build this big one up here on the hill.'"

For the present, of course, Cassius Clay is still just a boxer, still just an unsophisticated Olympic gold medalist who has turned professional and hasn't run out of luck. How very fine a fighter he is remains to be seen, but for Cassius, munificently backed as he is by 11 influential businessmen, it is merely a matter of months before he fulfills the prophecy, fluorescently and unconventionally spelled out in a sign in a tavern he leases in Louisville's east end. Cassius himself composed it with stick-on letters:

WORLD-HEAVY-WT.
CHAMPIONSHIP
FLOYD-PATTERSON,
V.S.
CASSIUS-CLAY.
19-62

What the sign refrains from concluding, Cassius is glad to supply: when the epic fight is over, proud Floyd Patterson the champion will skulk from the ring as poor Floyd Patterson the Ex. Cassius Clay will thereupon settle the world heavyweight boxing crown on his own handsome head, and from that day forward will wear it for all it is worth—which, for him, is everything.

—HUSTON HORN

Oct. 16, 1961—In his Louisville hotel room last week, the day before he knocked out Alex Mitell, Cassius Clay, 19, undefeated in eight professional fights, noisily hammered his armor.

"I am not talking this fight," he said severely. "No comment. I'm mature. I'm growing a mustache. I shaved yesterday

for the first time in my life. Things are getting so rough for me around here I'm losing all my girl friends. I don't feel like talking. I don't feel rowdy. But the trouble is, boxing's dying because everybody's so quiet. Patterson's quiet. Harold Johnson's quiet. What boxing needs is more Moores and Robinsons and Clays. I'm an unpredictable young man with a raggedy pink Cadillac. This is my town. When you walk down the street with old Cass you're liable to get a free bottle of champagne. Where do I find all the things I say? I'm an educated boy. I sit down and think them up. . . .

"Roger Mairs," said Cassius grandly, "the world of space—this is an age of records and record breaking. If you don't break some records you're a no one. I want to break some boxing records. I want to be the youngest heavyweight champion in history. I have to be first in the soup line."

Clay picked up an imaginary phone. "Patterson," he said. "This Dundee. Yeah, yeah, what's up, Dundee? Patterson, come on down and fight Clay."

"You tread nice and easily. Cautious," Clay's trainer, Angelo Dundee, said. "You got a whole year or two to jiggle with."

—GILBERT ROGIN

Nov. 26, 1962—"There are two greats left," said Cassius, "Britain and Clay."

—GILBERT ROGIN

Nov. 16, 1963—Ruining the day, the man from Cassius Clay's Louisville sponsor—

continued

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Margaret Court is pictured winning her 66th major world tennis title here in the doubles championship play of the 1975 U.S. Open Tennis Tournament, the first U.S. Open held "under the lights" at Forest Hills, N.Y.

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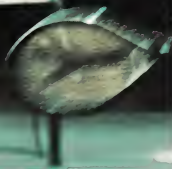
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The young men named to the 1976 Kodak



honor is hard-earned and well-deserved, for they have demonstrated by their ability that the All-American sets the standards for greatness.

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KODAK SPORTS PROGRAM

ing group chewed his lip while the boxer with the florid signature and the roccoco personality signed the dotted line. "We did not want this fight so soon," the man said, "but Cassius insisted and we had to give in. After all, wise or unwise, it's his decision and his career." Far removed from such morbidity, the irrepressible Clay slapped down the pen in a Denver hotel last week after agreeing to fight Sonny Liston for the world heavyweight championship next February. "Somebody pinch me," he exulted while visions of dollar signs danced before his big brown eyes. "If I'm not asleep, this is a dream come true."

The dream can still become a nightmare—a few days later Clay got a stiff note from his draft board summoning him to a preinduction physical. A deferment probably will take care of that ("The government will make a couple million dollars out of a title fight," said Cassius, "so they'd be smart to let me go on"), but Sonny Liston will not be so easy. Although widely acclaimed as the savior of boxing, undefeated Clay, by sprinkling fulminating powder over his 19 so-so fights, has made himself the official—if illogical—challenger to the brutish Liston.

—HILTON HORS

Feb. 17, 1964—Clay walked to the corner away from the spectators in the gym and glared at a tall, dark man with the face of a lynx and the soft brown eyes of a cocker spaniel.

"I am the greatest," he said and widened his eyes and pursed his lips the way a small boy does when he is defying his mother. "You are the best that ever lived," the man said. "Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee." Clay and his friend sang out in unison. They paused a minute and stared into each other's eyes, then opened their mouths wide and roared inarticulate defiance at Sonny Liston. The spectators applauded.

Clay submitted to having his hands wrapped and gloves put on. Once he half turned to the spectators and yelled in a voice rich with contempt: "Sit-to-one odds. I'm gonna get rich on them odds. I saved the fight game. I'd throw in the towel before I'd faint at the Liston scowl."

The bell rang again and Clay began working with Harvey Cody Jones, a massively muscled young heavyweight who weighs as much as Liston but resembles him in no other way. Clay's spangle-eyed

friend watched him closely, then came down from the side of the ring. His real name is Drew Brown, but everyone in the Clay camp calls him Buntline.

—TEX MALLIE

Feb. 24, 1964—"If I were like a lot of guys—a lot of heavyweight boxers, I mean—I'll bet you a dozen doughnuts you wouldn't be reading this story right now. If you wonder what the difference between them and me is, I'll break the news: you never heard of them. I'm not saying they are not good boxers. Most of them—people like Doug Jones and Ernie Terrell—can fight almost as good as I can. I'm just saying you never heard of them. And the reason for that is because they cannot throw the jive. Cassius Clay is a boxer who can throw the jive better than anybody you will probably ever meet anywhere. And right there is why I will meet Sonny Liston for the heavyweight championship of the world next week in Miami Beach. And jive is the reason also why they took my picture looking at \$1 million in cold cash. That's how much money my fists and my mouth will have earned by the time my fight with Liston is over. Think about that. A Southern colored boy has made \$1 million just as he turns 22. I don't think it's bragging to say I'm something a little special."

"Folks ask me what I'll do if I win and what I'll do if I don't win, but I don't have the answer yet. I have to go into the Army pretty soon, and after that I don't know. Maybe I'll build a big housing project and get married and settle down and think about being rich..."

—CASSIUS CLAY

March 9, 1964—It was, no matter what you have read or heard, an enormously exciting fight. It matched the classic contenders for a heavyweight championship of the world—a beautiful, controlled boxer against a man who could hit with deadly power. The fight—Clay against Liston—restored balance and intelligence to the concept of boxing. The boxer, using his skills with alomb and courage and forethought, confounded and defeated the slugger, Cassius Clay, who for weeks had cried, "Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee," floated and stung—and he whipped Sonny Liston as thoroughly as a man can be whipped.

—TEX MALLIE

March 9, 1964—Cassius had breakfast

with Malcolm X at the Hampton House Motel. They discussed what Elijah Muhammad, the No. 1 Black Muslim, had said about Clay at a meeting in Chicago the night before Allah and he had helped Clay win. "Clay is the finest Negro athlete I have ever known," Malcolm X said. "The man who will mean more to his people than any athlete before him. He is more than Jackie Robinson was, because Robinson is the white man's hero. But Cassius is the black man's hero. Do you know why? Because the white press wanted him to lose. They wanted him to lose because he is a Muslim. You notice nobody cares about the religion of other athletes. But their prejudice against Clay blinded them to his ability." Now that Cassius had been mentioned publicly by Muhammad, the day ahead of him became one long interview (not one question was put to him that day about the fight). Some of the things he said he has been saying in watered-down form for several years, but this was the first time he was willing to identify himself with the Black Muslims. Although, as he said, "I am not a Black Muslim, because that is a word made up by the white press. I am a black man who has adopted Islam. I want peace, and I do not find peace in an integrated world. I love to be black, and I love to be with my people. I am a very intelligent boxer, you know, and people don't ask me about my muscles the way they would ask Liston or Patterson. They ask me about Zanzibar and Panama and Cuba, and I tell them what I think."

—HILTON HORS

June 7, 1965—Muhammad Ali, born CASSIUS CLAY, retained the heavyweight championship of the world by knocking out Sonny Liston with a perfectly valid, stunning right-hand punch to the side of the head, and he won without benefit of a fix.

Although it is impossible ever to discount the possibility of a fix because of boxing's still-too-intimate connection with the underworld, there is no shred of evidence or plausibility to support the suggestion that this was anything but an honest fight, as was the previous Clay-Liston fight in Miami Beach...

The knockout punch itself was thrown with the amazing speed that differentiates Clay from any other heavyweight. He leaned away from one of Liston's ponderous, pawing left jabs, planted his left foot solidly and whipped his right hand

continued



Formula Vee
J. Brookshire—Agitator-VW; Flat Rock, N.C.



C Production
J. Hauser—Oatsun; Odenton, Md.



Formula A
J. Hansen—Lola-Chevy; Wayzata, Minn.



D Sports Racing
J. Miller-Kohler; Plymouth, Wis.



Formula C
M. Gilbert—GRO-Ford; Redmond, Wash.



H Production
T. Wheeler—A-H Sprite; West Linn, Ore.



C Sports Racing
F. Stevenson—Bobby-Ford; Sedon Corners, Conn.



Formula F
D. Firestone—Crosley-Ford; Sun Valley, Calif.



Formula P
B. Seiden
E. Forbes-Robinson—Oatsun; La Crescenta, Calif.



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A Sports Racing
J. Hansen-Lola-Chevy; Wayzata, Minn.



Formula B
B. Brown-March-Ford; Syosset, N.Y.



F Production
D. Blizzard-Alfa Romeo; Palmdale, Calif.



C Production
E. Forbes-Robinson-Osaka; La Crescenta, Calif.



B Sports Racing
C. Thompson-Lola-Ford; Wilmington, Del.



E Production
T. Visger-MCB; Santa Clara, Calif.



A Sedan
R. Blessing-Camero; Lakeland, Fla.



B Production
H. Park-Corvette; Lexington, Ky.



D Production
P. Newman-Triumph; Westport, Conn.



A Production
C. Bothello-Corvette; Auburn, Calif.

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over Liston's left arm and into the side of Liston's jaw. The blow had so much force it lifted Liston's left foot, upon which most of his weight was resting, well off the canvas. It was also powerful enough to drop him instantly—first to his hands and knees and then over on his back. More than 17 seconds elapsed before Liston could flounder to his feet, still only partly conscious. Even some 30 seconds later, when Jersey Joe Walcott, the referee, finally stopped the fight after a wild flurry of inaccurate punches by the almost-hysterical Clay, Liston was staggering drunkenly and had to be led to his corner by Trainer Willie Reddish.

—TEX MALLE

Nov. 22, 1965—Clay has been boxing since he was 12, and the things he now does no longer have any roots in intellect. "Isn't nature wonderful," he said once in a glen in Massachusetts. "What makes moss grow on one side of a tree and not the other? Why do birds fly south and then north in the spring, and why do fish swim upstream to lay eggs? Nature is a mysterious thing. It is just like me. Sometimes I wonder when a big fist comes crashing by and at the last moment I just move my head the smallest bit and the punch comes so close I can feel the wind, but it misses me. How do I know at the last minute to move just enough? How do I know which way to move..."

"I got a feeling I was born for a purpose. I don't know what I'm here for. I just feel abnormal, a different kind of man. I don't know why I was born. I'm just here. A young man rumbling. I've always had that feeling since I was a little boy. Perhaps I was born to fulfill Biblical prophecies. I just feel I may be part of something—divine things. Everything seems strange to me." —GILBERT ROSES

April 11, 1966—The governor of Illinois found Clay "disgusting," and the governor of Maine said Clay "should be held in utter contempt by every patriotic American." An American Legion post in Miami asked people to "join in condemnation of this unprincipled, loudmouthed, bombastic individual," and dirty mail began to arrive at Clay's Miami address. ("You're nothing but a yellow nigger," said a typical correspondent, one of many who forgot to sign their names.)

The *Chicago Tribune* waged a choleric campaign against holding the next

Clay fight in Chicago; the newspaper's attitude seemed to be that thousands of impressionable young Chicagoans would go over to the Viet Cong if Cassius were allowed to engage in fistfights in that sensitive city. Amplified by the newspaper (on one day it ran 11 items about Clay), the noise became a din, the drumbeats of a holy war. TV and radio commentators, little old ladies from Champaign-Urbana, bookmakers and parish priests, armchair strategists at the Pentagon and politicians all over the place joined in a crescendo of get-Cassius-clamor.

—JACK OLSEN

April 16, 1966—No one will ever know the exact extent to which young Clay's home situation steered him toward the world championship. The immediate family is not talking. The official version of the childhood of Cassius and his brother Rudolph is that all was joy, and most of the other relatives are like Aunt Corretta, who intones faithfully, "People don't understand him, but we do, because we lived with him. His image to us is different from the public's. If they knew him, they'd let up on him. They think he's arrogant and insubordinate. But he's a very nice boy." Aunt Mary Clay Turner, pugacious, blunt and unpretentious, discussed the subject one evening at her small home on the outskirts of Louisville, her stockings rolled to just below the knee, drinking Yellowstone bourbon from a half-pint bottle wrapped in paper, sitting alongside a stack of books on set-point topology and geometric function theory ("I'm taking a course in that mess right now," she explained).

In a bedroom, one son was practicing guitar and another was finishing an oil painting. Out on the front sidewalk young Roger, "my scientist," examined the craters of the moon through a 60-mm. 240-power refracting telescope, while the remaining three children were loudly involved in television, to their mother's annoyance.

"Here," she said, offering glasses and bourbon all around. "Four of 'em own trouble. I have it every Friday night to relax after teaching school all week." She talked about Cassius in admiring terms. "He said he was gonna do all these different things and he did them. That's why we were so proud of him." What had happened to turn him into such a sour public figure? Aunt Mary hesitated.

"There are certain things . . . A story

stops someplace, you know? If I told the whole story they'd all give me the bad eye when I go to school. But I know why he acts the way he does. I don't blame him. I'm just speaking of a number of events, not just one thing. Numerous events. Our family has it figured, what happened to him. The papa has it figured, too. He knows. But the papa never would say anything. . . ."

Aunt Mary made it clear that she was not excusing anybody or setting up any cheap alibis. "All kids are affected by what happens with their parents," she said. "But some children try to rise above it. I work with those kind of kids whose parents knock each other down, drag each other out. The kid comes to school with a big old knot on his arm or he comes with a big welt on his head, and he makes up his mind he's gonna overcome it. And that means you have to be strong. If you're weak, stay home!"

"I remember the day I told my mother I wanted to go to college. 'Well, if you go you'll go over my dead body,' 'cause Everett went and he didn't do nothing with the education.' I said, 'Well, just give me \$10 and I'll get the rest.' I put an ad in the paper asking for work and I worked clear through school. You have to be strong in your own way." Aunt Mary paused. "Here," she said. "You want to cut it with water?" —JACK OLSEN

May 2, 1966—Clay became convinced that black was best only after he met Elijah Muhammad. "I used to think black was bad," he says. "My mother and father used to tell me if I go in this dark room the bogyman would get me, and he was black. A black cat was bad luck, little black ducklings on the TV cartoons always walked in the back and hid the hard time. And then I found out that black wasn't bad. Which is stronger, black coffee or white coffee? Which make better crops, black earth or light earth?"

—JACK OLSEN

May 6, 1967—It is hard to feel sympathy for a man who refuses to serve his country, but the New York State Athletic Commission and the World Boxing Association did their best last week to make Muhammad Ali an underdog. Although Ali has yet to be arrested or charged, much less convicted, the New York commission suspended his boxing license and took away his heavyweight title minutes after he formally indicated



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Heston/Shuler	1	1	.500
Cosby/Marich	1	1	.500
Everett/Mppenstiel	0	1	.000
Connelly/Peralta	0	2	.000
Bridges/Harper	0	0	.000

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he would not submit to induction. The WBA was more laggardly in doing its patriotic duty and getting its name in the papers. The Associated Press didn't move the WBA's statement until nearly four hours had elapsed.

—SCORECARD

May 8, 1967—"I've left the sports pages," said Muhammad Ali. "I've gone onto the front pages. I want to know what is right, what'll look good in history. I'm being tested by Allah. I'm giving up my title, my wealth, maybe my future. Many great men have been tested for their religious beliefs. If I pass this test, I'll come out stronger than ever. I've got no jails, no power, no government, but 600 million Muslims are giving me strength. Will they make me the leader of a country? Will they give me gold? Will the Supreme Being knock down the jails with an earthquake, like He could if He want? Am I a fool to give up my wealth and my title and go lay in prison? Am I a fool to give up good steaks? Do you think I'm serious? If I am, then why can't I worship as I want to in America? All I want is justice. Will I have to get that from history?"

—EDWIN SHIRALE

Feb. 19, 1969—"People ask me, 'Champ, how you gonna eat?' " Ali said. "I say, look out there at that little robin pecking and eating. Look up at all the stars and the planets in the heavens. They are not held up there on the end of long steel poles. The Lord holds them in their orbits and the Lord feeds the birds and the animals. If the Lord has this power, will the Lord let His servant starve, let a man who is doing His work go hungry? I'm not worried. The Lord will provide."

—TEX MALLE

June 17, 1969—Shortly after his title was taken from him, Ali said he'd come back to bug the game, and so he has. "There I'll be, wearing a sheet," he said, "and whispering, 'Ali-e-e-e-e-e, Ali-e-e-e-e-e.' I'll be the ghost that haunts boxing, and people will say Ali is the real champ and anyone else is a fake."

—GILBERT ROGIN and MORTON SHARNIK

Nov. 2, 1970—A journey of a thousand miles, say the Chinese, must begin with a single step. For Muhammad Ali, cut off from the ring that made him an international phenomenon and perhaps the most discussed athlete of our time, the way back to excellence—or even a mod-

icum of it—was every bit of a thousand miles. But Monday night in Atlanta, against Jerry Quarry, he took much more than a single, faltering step. Before 5,000 people, to many of whom he was a symbol of release, Ali reclaimed his eminence and reputation, few had doubted that he had ever relinquished them.

With a cracking right hand, the speed of which seemed hardly impaired since he last fought, Ali cut Quarry over the left eye in the middle of the third round, a wound which would require 11 deep sutures and would not allow the Californian to come out for the fourth round. Most observers clearly approached this fight with wariness, uncertain as to whether they would see the reemergence of the stranger and most hunk comet in sport or the sad, last splutter of its disappearing tail. What they did see was an artist, bringing honor to his craft.

—MARK KRAM

Feb. 1, 1971—Everything looks a little bigger than life now. Muhammad Ali, moving on the old familiar red canvas of the ring in the Fifth Street Gym in Miami, belaboring a squatly heavyweight from Jamaica, is thicker in all of his dimensions. A barely discernible pad of fat blurs the outlines of a waist that once was slim as a girl's, but the weight is spread evenly; the shoulders are thicker, with heavier muscles, and the arms and legs give the impression now of solid, mature power. He was once a big heavyweight who looked like an overgrown light heavy; now he is a big heavyweight who looks like a big heavyweight. On this first day of serious preparation for his fight with Joe Frazier, Ali worked six rounds.

—TEX MALLE and MORTON SHARNIK

March 16, 1971—He has always wanted the world as his audience, wanted the kind of attention that few men in history ever receive. So on Monday night it was his, all of it, the intense hate and love of his own nation, the singular concentration and concern of multitudes in every corner of the earth, all of it suddenly blowing across a squared patch of light like a relentless wind. It was his moment, one of the great stages of our time, and it is a matter of supreme irony that after all the years that went into constructing this truly special night Muhammad Ali was in fact carefully securing the details for his own funeral end—in

front of the millions he moved deeply. The people, he said, would be in the streets of Africa and Asia waiting for word of what happened, and what they have heard—by now—is what they never will really believe. The sudden evil of Joe Frazier's left hook, Ali's bold effort to steal time by theatrics, his wicked early pace that left him later without any guns and his insistence on hooking with a hooker (a bad bit of business)—all of this combined to provide the push for his long, long fall from invincibility. It left Frazier at last the only heavyweight champion of the world and the survivor of one of the most destructive fights among big men in decades.

The first dramatic damage to Ali came in the 11th round when Frazier hooked him to the head and followed with a cruel left to the body that sent Ali rolling back to a neutral corner, a man who seemed caught in an immense, violent wave. He hung on, but his eyes took on a terrible softness and they were never the same again. At the bell, water was thrown in his face before he could reach his corner. There, with his medicine man, Bundini, desperately trying to inflame him, and his trainer, Angelo Dundee, shaking a finger frantically in his face, he was passed back to a semblance of one piece. As he came out for the 12th one could see that something was wrong with the right side of his face; it was swelling rapidly and his jaw seemed broken. He spent almost the entire 13th round in a neutral corner, but he was not active and appeared in a trance, oblivious to the hoarse scream of Bundini: "You got God in your corner, Champ!" Ali responded in the 14th, but not convincingly, even though he did win the round; by now both fighters, their bodies graphically spent, were continually draped over each other, looking like big fish who had wallowed onto a bench. Then, in the 15th, Frazier exploded the last shells from that big left gun. It was near the middle of the round, and the left boomed into Ali's face, sending him to the canvas with his head ricocheting frightfully off the floor, his feet waving in the air. He got up and finished the round, but he had lost.

—MARK KRAM

April 5, 1971—The press of people in the ring was considerable, with more coming up the steps trying to get to the fighters. Among them was the Rev. Ralph Abernathy in his familiar worker's con-

continued

erally, an Ali supporter, tears streaming down his cheeks, and in his grief, reaching arms outstretched for Ali on the steps, creating such a weird, demented figure that one of Ali's bodyguards, a tall ex-Muslim, hit him with a left hook and toppled him backward off the steps into the lap of Edward Bennett Williams, the famous Washington trial lawyer. There were those watching at ringside acute enough, even in the turmoil of the moment, to recognize that if the reverend wished to initiate a lawsuit, certainly he was in the proper hands.

—GEORGE PLIMPTON

Feb. 4, 1974—It is the same way with a man with a horn: when the lip goes bad so does the trumpet and the music that he alone made special. He is never the same again, but he can rise to a moment, catch a riff and carry it enough to make the world feel special for having heard him do it. So it was Monday night as Muhammad Ali suddenly erased all the doubts that had accompanied his self-created fantasies. The universe does indeed hold its breath for Ali, and then he gives it air.

He was an artist in search of an art against Joe Frazier before a crowd of 20,788 at Madison Square Garden and millions of others who are moved by him in incomprehensible ways. He did not find what he was looking for, the touch that few men ever have to begin with—age, exile and his playful nature have taken that—but what he did find over 12 steaming rounds was what no man can give another, an understanding of his craft. It is the one thing that separates the ring from absolute bestiality, this mostly invisible side of a fighter who takes it—the last thing he learns and the last thing that leaves him—and makes it a trenchant, if not dramatic, weapon. That is what Ali did against Frazier, his most persistent adversary over the years, a glorious laborer who came with both pick and shovel, but had neither at the same time.

In the end, it was a unanimous decision for Ali: ring generalship over a one-man army fighting a war of attrition.

—MARK KRAM

Nov. 11, 1974—It is hard to imagine what the extraordinary events in the pre-dawn hours under a pale African moon in Zaire are going to do to the future of boxing. Kids who for years in the back

lots of the world have emulated the flamboyant and graceful style of their idol, Muhammad Ali, the butterfly who floats and stings like a bee, will now imagine themselves coming off their stools and standing stolidly and flat-footed in the corner of the ring, or, more extreme, lolling back against the ropes, their upper torsos out over the press-row typewriters at the angle of someone looking out his window to see if there's a cat on his roof. For such were the Ali tactics that surprised everyone—including the men in his own corner—and proved insoluble to George Foreman, the heavily favored heavyweight champion, leading him to destruction as surely as the big cartoon wolf, licking his chops, is tricked into some extravagantly ghastly trap laid by a sly mouse.

—GEORGE PLIMPTON

Dec. 23, 1974—Skeptic: Tell me one thing. Why do you think Ali's last victory was so popular, considering how controversial he is?

Writer: I think it was the sort of joyous reaction that comes with seeing something that suggests all things are possible: the triumph of the underdog, the comeback from hard times and exile, the victory of an outspoken nature over a sullen disposition, the prevailing of intelligence over raw power, the success of physical grace, the ascendance of age over youth, and especially the confounding of the experts. Moreover, the victory assuaged the guilt feelings of those who remembered the theft of Ali's career. It was good to watch and hear about, whichever fighter one supported. Indeed, one of the prevailing stories the morning after the fight was that never had so many large bets been handed over so cheerfully to their winners.

S: I'm not so sure about that. I didn't exactly hand over my fiver with a big smile.

W: An exception.

S: Tell me, do you happen to know what was in Ali's mind after he won?

W: He told me. He talked about leaving the stadium in Kinshasa as the dawn was beginning to break. Hundreds of fans were still in the stands and the ring had all these people in it, squaring off and acting out how Foreman had gone down. Ali and his wife went out and sat in the back seat of their Citroën. On the drive to the training camp on the banks of the Zaire River he said they had begun talking about how odd it seemed to be com-

ing out of a fight into the light of day. Invariably, fighters arrive at the arenas in the late afternoon or in the early evening, leaving daylight, and after the night's activity they come into darkness. In the car Ali kept remarking on it. It seemed so symbolically appropriate that on this occasion he should be coming out of darkness into light.

—GEORGE PLIMPTON

Oct. 13, 1975—It was only a moment, sliding past the eyes like the sudden shifting of light and shadow, but long years from now it will remain a pure and moving glimpse of hard reality, and if Muhammad Ali could have turned his eyes upon himself, what first and final truth would he have seen? He had been led up the winding, red-carpeted staircase by Imelda Marcos, the First Lady of the Philippines, as the guest of honor at the Malacañang Palace. Soft music drifted in from the terrace as the beautiful Imelda guided the massive and still heavyweight champion of the world to the long buffet ornamented by huge candelabra. The two whispered, and then she stopped and filled his plate, and as he waited the candles threw an eerie light across the face of a man who only a few hours before had survived the ultimate inquisition of himself and his art.

The maddest of existentialists, one of the great surrealists of our time, the king of all he sees, Ali had never before appeared so vulnerable and fragile, so pitifully unimpressive, so far from the universe he claims as his alone. He could barely hold his fork, and he lifted the food slowly up to his bottom lip, which had been scraped pink. The skin on his face was dull and hloched, his eyes drained of that familiar childlike wonder. His right eye was a deep purple, beginning to close, a dark blind being drawn against a harsh light. He chewed his food painfully, and then he suddenly moved away from the candles as if he had become aware of the mask he was wearing, as if an inner voice were laughing at him. He shrugged, and the moment was gone.

A couple of miles away in the bedroom of a villa, the man who has always demanded answers of Ali, has trailed the champion like a timber wolf, lay in semidarkness. Only the heavy breathing disturbed the quiet as an old friend walked to within two feet of him. "Who is it? I can't see! Turn the lights on!" Another light was turned on, but Frazier still could

continued



Give a bottle
and be highly esteemed.

Or give the case.
And be revered.

not see. The scene cannot be forgotten; this good and gallant man lying there, embodying the remains of a will never before seen in a ring, a will that had carried him so far—and now surely too far. His eyes were only slits, his face looked as if it had been painted by Goya. "Man, I hit him with punches that'd bring down the walls of a city," said Frazier. "Lawdy, Lawdy, he's a great champion." Then he put his head back down on the pillow, and soon there was only the heavy breathing of a deep sleep slapping like big waves against the silence.

Time may well erode that long morning of drama in Manila, but for anyone who was there those faces will return again and again to evoke what it was like when two of the greatest heavyweights of any era met for a third time, and left millions limp around the world. Muhammad Ali caught the way it was. "It was like death. Closest thing to dyin' that I know of."

—MARK KRAM

Sept. 27, 1976—They are all gathered in the suite in Munich—the one who tastes the sweat on the champ's body, the one who licks the champ's mouthpiece, the keeper of the lists; the keeper of the heavy bag, the Raphael of the side deal—all of them standing there as if they were blind men on the streets of Calcutta, sensing that their tin cups are about to be smashed. The air is tense, the breathing heavy as Muhammad Ali, at ease in his bed, first searches the room with his eyes, then speaks.

"You, Bundini?" yells Ali, who had called the meeting after he heard about scaring hotel bills. "Bundini, how many phone calls can you make in a day? How many meals can you eat?"

"That's right, Champ!" wails the Amen Man, Jeremiah Shabazz.

"Alii, Champ," moans Bundini, his eyes filling with tears. "Whyyyy, Champ, you pick on Bundini?"

"I feed you niggers," Ali goes on. "I take you all over the world. You see places. You learn things. Never been anywhere in your life. You treat me like this."

"That's right, right!" echoes Jeremiah. "A lotta sausage eaters 'round here who don't tell the truth," says Walter Youngblood, an earnest man, a Muslim and an assistant trainer.

"Who you talkin' about?" asks Ali. Youngblood remains silent. Ali screams, "What kind of friend are you? You make

a statement and then don't tell me who you mean."

Youngblood is furious and genuinely ready to rumble with Ali. He takes off his jacket.

"Come on over, sucker!" shouts Ali. "Come here, and I'll throw you out the window." He suddenly smiles; he is calming down now. "Look, fellas," he says. "I don't mind you eatin'. You want three steaks for dinner, get three steaks. I don't want anybody goin' hungry. But I don't wantcha wastin' food. Sendin' food back." The audience relaxes.

"Another thing," says Ali. "You can't be callin' New York and Chicago and L.A. every minute. I don't mend a man callin' his wife and kids once a day. Five minutes on each call, all right. I git home-sick myself."

Says Ali, later. "Nobody has this kind of crowd around him. Not even Frank Sinatra or Elvis Presley. That's because I have a genius for a manager—Herbert Muhammad." Shaking his head solemnly, the genius only says, "I find it all rather regrettable."

A burden for promoters, the Ali entourage—whose tuble manners and conduct have been deplored in the ornate dining rooms and lobbies of some of Europe's grandest hotels—is a study in every human excess, a phenomenon of the attraction of power.

"These people," says Herbert, "are like a little town for Ali. He is the sheriff, the judge, the mayor and the treasurer. And he is more merciful than just. He believes in forgiveness. If he stressed justice, there wouldn't be anybody around."

Ali's town is divided into three categories: the workers, the hangers-on and the groupies. Not among these: Cassius Clay Sr., magnanimous and oddly charming Old Cash, whose first target in any city is the piano bar, where he sings *My Way* over and over, and is fond of saying, "If it weren't for Old Cash, there ain't no Ali"; the genteel and lovely Odesa Clay, Ali's mother, strolling placidly about in her big, flowered dresses; and the eccentric brother, Rahman Ali, formerly known as Rudy, who likes to sit in hotel lobbies wearing a bright track suit and a fez, listening to tape decks and signing autographs from midafternoon to three in the morning—the lobby is then empty, the pen is still in his hand. . . .

"I'm powerless," says Herbert Muhammad, aware that when he fires someone, Ali hurls him right back, aware that

his own position is constantly under siege in this unending Byzantine nightmare.

Ali himself is aware, too, seems to yearn for an answer other than "yes."

"Angelo," he once said, "you're white. You're not a Muslim. You don't depend on me to survive. Tell me how I look."

Correctly, but ironically, Angelo Dundee squeaked, "Great, Champ! Just great!"

—MARK KRAM

Oct. 11, 1976—In exotic Istanbul, Muhammad Ali rattled the world stage for the second time in a week—the first when he was given a controversial decision over Ken Norton in Yankee Stadium, this second time as he announced with the appropriate dramatic inflection, Wallace Muhammad (head of the Muslims in America) by his side to give it an official imprimatur: "Mark my words, and play what I say right now fully. At the urging of my leader Wallace, I declare I am quitting fighting as of now and from now on I will join in the struggle for the Islamic cause."

The announcement was a last, fitting tremor in a bizarre week in which occurred one of the worst heavyweight title fights in history: in which a champion who had finally become too old was brutally exposed and found to be a fragile mortal like the rest of us; in which a challenger with meager gifts was robbed of his moment by his own head as well as bad advice from his corner. . . .

Ali seemed a pathetic figure, merely a master of illusion, groping with his loss of reflexes; his feet knew precisely where to be, but his hands and mind seemed to be hooked up in some diabolical plot against him. He reminded one of Paul Léautaud, who writes of man's relationship to his body, his image, in his *Journal*. "Damn it all!" he writes, after a woman remarks upon his age. "How impossible it is to see oneself as one really is!" That is much to ask of anyone, and it is no certainty that Ali can do it, either. If he has done it sincerely, looked into that shimmering glass at all that he was and is, if he has retired, then it would be a remarkable triumph of sense over ego. If not, then one wishes he somehow could get a picture of the image left by him in the ring at Yankee Stadium: that of a cat hung by its tail outside a window, trying to stick to the panes of glass with its claws, the sound grating and chilling and the spectacle altogether too cruel.

—MARK KRAM

END

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The Answers

NORTH	
♠ QJ2	
♥ K386	
♦ KJ102	
♣ 94	
SOUTH	
♠ AK77	
♥ A Q1095	
♦ AK6	
♣ K	

If you finessed West for the queen of diamonds, you lose. But if you finessed East, you still lose. No finesse is necessary. Win the spade lead in either hand, draw trumps and continue playing spades, discarding a club from dummy.

Now toss out the king of clubs and lay your hand on the table. It's over. Whoever wins must either play a black card (ruff-suff) or break diamonds. In either case you have no diamond loser.

True, if West had led the ace of clubs and continued with anything but a diamond, you would have to search out the queen of diamonds on your own. But this is Christmas and West gave you a gift. Let's hope you took advantage of it.

NORTH	
♠ Q10987	
♥ A24	
♦ A29	
♣ A2	
SOUTH	
♠ AKJ32	
♥ K1098	
♦ 2	
♣ K35	

It can't hurt to cash the ace of diamonds, ruff a diamond high at trick three, enter dummy with a trump and ruff another diamond at trick five. You can then overtake your last trump and play yet another trump (leaving one trump in dummy), discarding a heart from your hand.

All this will probably leave you with little or no additional distributional information, which means you must resort to your best percentage chance, which is playing the ace-king of hearts and if the queen does not fall, taking the club finesse. Happily, it does fall.

The general rule when missing two queens, either one of which you have to

find to make your contract, is: play the ace-king of the longer suit, and if the queen has not dropped take a finesse in the shorter suit.

NORTH	
♠ A25	
♥ J9	
♦ AK876	
♣ Q43	
SOUTH	
♠ J2	
♥ AK732	
♦ —	
♣ AKJ752	

With 11 tricks from the start, and needing only one heart ruff in dummy for 12, your major concern should be a possible 5-1 heart division.

To protect against this, win the ace of spades, play your two high diamonds, discarding a spade and a heart, lead a club to the ace and then play the ace and a low heart.

If hearts break 4-2, there should be no further problem. Ruff the likely spade return, ruff your last little heart high in dummy, return to your hand drawing trumps and you have the balance.

The only sticky situation arises when West has a singleton heart and discards a diamond on the second heart lead. East may then return a diamond instead of a spade. To be safe, ruff the diamond high and lead your last heart. If West ruffs in front of dummy, overtrump and draw trumps. If West does not trump, ruff low, cash the queen of clubs and ruff yourself back with a spade in order to draw the remaining trumps.

NORTH	
♠ AK987	
♥ 223	
♦ AK5	
♣ K4	
SOUTH	
♠ 132	
♥ AQ4	
♦ Q7	
♣ QJ1092	

Barring a major miracle in hearts (K or Kx in East) you need to bring in the spade suit. Your best chance is to hope that the queen is either singleton, or, more likely, doubleton. If this is the case you must play spades before clubs. Why?

Because if you knock out the ace of clubs (let's say either East wins the king or West wins the second round and returns a diamond) the spade suit is blocked even if the queen of spades is doubleton!

You now have no return entry to dummy to cash your spades. To avoid this embarrassment, win the queen of diamonds and play the ace-king of spades. As the queen drops there is no further problem.

Cash the jack of spades and concede the ace of clubs, being sure to compliment your partner on a well-bid hand.

If the queen of spades does not drop, do not give up all hope, just most. Knock out the ace of clubs and hope the player with the ace does not have the queen of spades. Even then you need East's miracle heart holding to get to 12 tricks, but something is still better than nothing.

NORTH	
♠ A96	
♥ 298	
♦ A108742	
♣ 4	
SOUTH	
♠ K552	
♥ A Q87654	
♦ A9	
♣ —	

The best line is to win the ace of clubs, discarding a spade, then ruff a club.

Assuming everyone follows, play the ace of diamonds and ruff the nine at tricks three and four, then ruff another club in the closed hand.

If both opponents follow to this, clubs have broken 4-3 and the suit can be established for a spade discard. At trick six lead a low heart (key play) in order to ensure another dummy entry to ruff yet another club.

The best the opponents can do is win and lead a spade. You win in your hand, enter dummy with a trump and ruff another club, then enter dummy with the ace of spades and discard the remaining spade on one of dummy's club winners.

If clubs do not break 4-3, then you must rely on the heart finesse. However, you must test the clubs before messing about with the trumps.

NORTH	
♠ AQ432	
♥ K276	
♦ KQ3	
♣ K	
SOUTH	
♠ J5	
♥ A4	
♦ A84	
♣ AQJ098	

It looks for all the world that East has doubled up with spade and heart honors and is probably short in clubs, hoping partner's length in that suit may produce an unsuspected stopper.

In any case, the early play is marked. Rise with the ace of spades and run the clubs and diamonds, reducing all hands to three cards. Dummy remains with KJ7 of hearts and you with J of spades and A4 of hearts.

Now, if your calculations are correct, East will have been squeezed one trick

continued

ago. As he must hold the king of spades, he has room for only two hearts. Given that he probably had the queen for his double, you should play ace-king.

NORTH		EAST	
♠ 9 3 4	♥ A 3	♠ Q 8 7 6	♥ J 6
♦ J 10	♦ A Q J 8	♦ 10 9 3 2	♦ 10 9 3 2
♥ Q 10 9 8 6 5	♥ A Q 5 4	♥ 10 9 3 2	♥ 10 9 3 2
♠ 1 8 6	♠ A K 3 2	♠ 10 9 3 2	♠ 10 9 3 2
	♥ K 1 2		
	♥ K 7 5 4		
	♠ 8 3		

Rather than risk a dummy overruff by ruffing a third round of hearts, you should simply ruff a third round of clubs in your own hand.

As one ruff in either hand will produce 12 tricks, play the king-ace and a low club, ruffing with the seven of diamonds. Cash the king of diamonds, enter dummy with a heart, draw the last trump and go on to the next problem. This one was a real gift.

(If West had turned up with four diamonds, you would play to ruff a heart in dummy, again avoiding a possible overruff in the club suit.)

NORTH		EAST	
♠ Q 8 3 2	♥ J 10 8 5 4	♠ A 4	♥ K Q 9 8
♦ A 7 6	♦ A K 7 2	♦ A 3	♦ 10 8 6 5
♥ J 2	♥ A	♥ K Q 9 8	♥ 10 8 6 5
♦ Q 4	♦ A K Q 9 3 2	♦ A 3	♦ 10 8 6 5
♠ A K Q 9 3 2	♠ A K J 8 5	♠ A 3	♠ 10 8 6 5
	♥ A 3		
	♥ 10 8 5		
	♠ 2 4		

Your plan should be to ruff your three clubs in dummy while at the same time you set up the heart suit for a diamond discard.

Here's how. Ruff the opening lead, lead a heart to the ace, ruff a second club and lead a low heart from dummy.

Their best defense is to take the trick and lead a diamond. Win in dummy, ruff a heart high, ruff a third club low, cash the queen of spades, ruff a fourth heart high, draw the two remaining trumps and enter dummy with a diamond to dispose of your last diamond on dummy's fifth heart.

As long as hearts break no worse than 4-2 and spades no worse than 3-1, you will make this slam.

NORTH		EAST	
♠ A 7 5 3	♥ A K 4	♠ A 2	♥ J 6
♦ A K 4	♦ 10 7 3	♦ Q 9 8	♦ 10 8 6 5
♥ 7 5	♥ A	♥ A	♥ 10 8 6 5
♦ K 2	♦ A	♦ A	♦ 10 8 6 5
♠ A 10 8	♠ A	♠ A	♠ 10 8 6 5
	♠ A		
	♠ A		
	♠ A		
	♠ A		

From the bidding and early play, West is known to have six spades and two diamonds. What about the club division? East is unlikely to have more than eight clubs or else he surely would have made some sort of preemptive bid.

If this assumption is true, West must be holding at least three clubs and therefore one or two hearts. If this is so, there is no point in taking the heart finesse, a strip and end play being the better plan.

Enter dummy with a club, cash the ace of spades and ruff a spade, enter dummy with a heart, ruff a spade, reenter dummy with a second heart and ruff dummy's last spade. The stage is now set. Throw out a trump and West should be end-played with only black cards remaining in his hand.

Since opponent is forced to lead a black card, you can ruff in your hand and discard dummy's losing heart. This play loses only when West has three hearts to the queen and East nine clubs.

Incidentally, it doesn't hurt to lead the jack of hearts the second time you plan to enter dummy with a heart just to tempt West to cover in case he actually did start with Qxx of hearts and two clubs.

NORTH		EAST	
♠ A 4	♥ K Q 7 6 3	♠ Q J 10 7 6 5 2	♥ 5
♦ K Q 7 6 3	♦ A 7 4 2	♦ 8 3 3	♦ A Q
♥ 9	♥ K 10	♥ 8 3 3	♥ A Q
♠ 10 9 8 7	♠ 10 9 8 7	♠ 10 9 8 7	♠ 10 9 8 7

East's double forbade a spade lead, the suit he bid, and announced either a void or an AK or AQ combination outside of the spade suit.

West should have led a minor, probably a club, in the hope of giving East a ruff or two quick tricks in the suit, as you see.

With the gift of a favorable lead, you still have work to do, Christmas or not.

As the double indicates that East has the ace of clubs (even without the double you would assume that), your play should be to squeeze East in the black suits. (Forget the diamond finesse, you don't need it.)

Win the ace of spades, lead a heart to the jack and play king, ace and ruff a diamond. Reenter dummy with a trump and ruff dummy's last diamond. Now lead a trump to dummy and play one more round of dummy's trumps. With the last trump yet to be played, this will be the forced position:

NORTH		EAST	
♠ 4	♥ 3	♠ Q J	♥ A Q
♦ K 10	♦ K 10	♦ K 10	♦ K 10
♥ 8 5	♥ 8 5	♥ 8 5	♥ 8 5
♠ 1 4	♠ 1 4	♠ 1 4	♠ 1 4

With four cards left, you need three tricks. You have two. Play dummy's last trump. Presto, you have three! If East discards a spade, discard a club and take two more spade tricks. If East discards the queen of clubs, discard a spade and give up a club.

Incidentally, this ending works even if East does not have the queen of clubs. He still has to blank his ace of clubs to protect spades and you can still play a low club to drive out the bare ace. You really do play beautifully.

NORTH		EAST	
♠ A 2	♥ A 3 10 5	♠ T 3	♥ 5 4 3
♦ J 8 5 3	♦ Q 10 4 5 4	♦ T 3	♦ J 9 8
♥ J 3	♥ J 3	♥ J 3	♥ J 3
♠ K Q 10 8 6	♠ K Q 10 8 6	♠ K Q 10 8 6	♠ K Q 10 8 6

This is another hand where you should try to give yourself the best chance, considering you have two suits to work with.

If the jack of spades drops or the spades are 3-3, you always have 12 tricks. But what if it doesn't?

You must try to work with the diamonds first without giving up control of that suit. Your very first play should be a low diamond. If West wins the king, your problems are over (unless the king was a singleton). If West plays low, insert the ten. If this loses to the king, again your problems are over, unless, of course, the king was singleton.

If the ten loses to the jack, win the club return, play off the four hearts, discarding a diamond, and lead a diamond to the ace. If the king has not dropped, play off the ace-king-queen of spades, hoping that the jack drops. (If a count of the hand has shown that East started with four spades you should play the ace and low to the ten.)

The important points are not to play spades before diamonds because you may be setting up a spade trick for the opponents prematurely, and not to release the ace of diamonds too soon as you could wind up losing two quick diamond tricks with the spades being good all the time.



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Edited by GAY FLOOD

SNOWY BATTLE

Sir,

Congratulations on Dan Jenkins' fine account of the Pittsburgh-Cincinnati battle (*Smashburg Through the Snow*, Dec. 6). Walter Ions Jr.'s photography was particularly impressive. The pictures on pages 30-31 and on page 32 were reminiscent of such famous battles as New York-Baltimore in 1958, when Alan Ameche scored in overtime, and Dallas-Green Bay in 1967, when Bart Starr plunged across in sub-zero weather.

SHELDON WOLFF
Peetaukau, N.J.

Sir,

I've come across some great pictures in your magazine, but none as good as the two-page of the Steelers and the Bengals. Walter Ions Jr. captured the whole game in one perfect photograph and Dan Jenkins did another fantastic job on the article. I've not seen or read better.

RICHARD D'AGOSTINO
Marlboro, N.Y.

Sir,

Your story omitted an important point. The reason for the blowing snow and poor football conditions was the starting time of 4 p.m. Why should the paying customers be forced to witness a game at an inconvenient time for the benefit of TV? If the game had started at the usual time of 1 p.m., it would have ended before the snow started.

JAMES L. WARNER
Buffalo

RUTGERS' LAMENT

Sir,

Brigham Young University fans appreciate the article by Joe Marshall on Rutgers University (*Stuck as a Winner Rut*, Dec. 6). Our area's teams and top players know what it is like to be caught in an identity crisis. But why did you pick on the Tanagerine Bowl?

BYU (9-2) shared the WAC championship and won its final six games, scoring an average of 41 points while giving up an average of 17. The Cougars were first nationally in passing, sixth in total offense and eighth in scoring. The Tanagerine Bowl has the top two candidates for next year's Heisman Trophy in BYU's Gifford Nielsen and Oklahoma State's Terry Miller.

An unbeaten team that is leading the country in defense probably does deserve to be in a bowl game, but there are other bowls no less guilty of bypassing Rutgers than the Tanagerine. And there are other teams that make annual bowl appearances even when they have mediocre records. So don't point a finger at the Tanagerine Bowl. You might find

the Brigham Young-Oklahoma State matchup an "intriguing" one after all.

MIKE TRIVITT
Provo, Utah

Sir,

If Joe Marshall wants to match Rutgers in a bowl with a good Big Eight team, how about Iowa State? The NCAA ranks ISU second nationally in total offense and fourth in scoring (33.5 points per game). Iowa State failed to get a bowl berth despite an 8-3 record, including victories over Nebraska, Missouri and Kansas. Moreover, Iowa State's opposition compares favorably with that of bowl-bound Ohio State, USC, Texas A&M, UCLA, North Carolina, Kentucky, BYU and Wyoming. Rutgers may not be bowl-bound, but it is ranked nationally and has appeared on regional TV. Even these honors have eluded Iowa State.

RUSSELL BRANDT
Council Bluffs, Iowa

Sir,

Your article on Rutgers failed to elicit much sympathy from Colgate fans. As a subsequent SCORECARD item (Dec. 13) related, a devastating miscell by an official may well have helped Rutgers maintain its precious winning streak. Rutgers should not feel snubbed that it is uninvited to a major bowl. Instead, the Scarlet Knights should be downright thankful they are undefeated.

JO CLARE HARTNE
Hamilton, N.Y.

A TOUCH OF PRIDE

Sir,

Hooray! It's good to read that sports can be played with intensity even when there is not much more at stake than pride. Your article on the National Touch Football League championship (*They Won It Handily*, Dec. 6) gave us a real insight into the admirable character of those who play the game.

ALEX MURASHKO JR.
Irvine, Calif.

Sir,

I must take exception to Ron Reid's description of the national touch football champions, the Four Seasons Nursery team from Columbus, Ohio, as "a more elderly bunch." We consider ourselves "experienced," not elderly.

MARLA DEVELLING
Age 32
Columbus, Ohio

ONE-OF-A-KIND COACH

Sir,

Frank Deford's story on Al McGuire (*Wefcome to His World*, Nov. 29) is certainly one of the best pieces of sports reporting that I

have read in SI or any other magazine. He has given us an in-depth picture of a truly honest, free-spirited man. Deford's suggestion that we put McGuire in a time capsule is particularly appropriate, because McGuire symbolizes what the people of this age admire and are searching for—freedom and individualism—yet he is also much like the rest of us in his insecurity.

Deford's observations about coaches, cars and women, along with McGuire's misadventures with his car, came at a time when I really needed a laugh, and I assure you I got a belly laugh. In many ways this is an enriching article about a man who has enriched the lives of many. Let's hope McGuire never settles down.

DON HAAS
Omaha

Sir,

As a Marquette alum who arrived in Milwaukee with Al McGuire for the 1964-65 basketball season, I vividly remember his innovative Scrambled Eggs, a ploy that would relieve the starters en masse. I am ecstatic to find that success has not spoiled this crude gem of a man.

JOSEPH AMALATI
Clifton, N.J.

Sir,

There is not another coach in basketball who could take a small, Catholic, middle-class university in Wisconsin and produce such a phenomenal winning record. Nor is there a writer alive who can do justice to this truly enigmatic figure. Thanks for your article, but Frank Deford merely "tokened it."

CHARLES HASSE
Milwaukee

Sir,

The article on my father was awful. It did not portray him as he really is.

ROBERT MCGUIRE
Milwaukee

Sir,

Despite Frank Deford's effort to depict Al McGuire as an intriguing individual, I think my analysis would come closer to the reaction of the average fan/entire. That is, McGuire is exactly as he appears in his notable performances in NCAA tournaments: infatigable, insecure, selfish.

LAWRENCE LUCHINI
Bay Village, Ohio

Sir,

Frank Deford's reflections in the article on Al McGuire and Marquette produced a good shooting average. We lack stripes on our uniforms but we strive to be the best institution of any stripe. Basketball revenues have not

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

only retired a long-standing football debt, they also continue to generate surpluses that revert annually to the university's operating budget.

But the general description of Marquette as a producer of schoolteachers is an air half. Our 46 elementary and secondary-education majors among the 1,500 degree recipients last May place Marquette's schoolteacher totals in sharp contrast with the national figures of about 309,000 education degrees (about 24%) among 1,260,000 degrees earned in 1975.

JAMES L. SANKOFF
Vice-President for
University Relations
Marquette University
Milwaukee

ANOTHER LLAMA LLOVER

See

What a pleasant surprise to read the outstanding article on llamas by Robert Cantwell (What a Lovely Beast Is a Llama, Nov. 22). Not too long ago I had the pleasure of visiting Kay and Dick Patterson at their Sisters, Ore. "Shangri-La" and became an immediate admirer of their beloved llamas. So much so that I purchased four of them to begin an operation of my own in Michigan that I call "Mama Llama." It has become the talk of animal-breeding circles in the state.

It must be stated, however, that as much as one will love and enjoy the llamas, a visit with the Pattersons introduced me to two of the most lovable human beings I have ever met. It is no wonder that the Pattersons and their staff have such remarkable success with their animals when they dedicate so much of themselves to them.

COLLEEN (MRS. GORDIE) HOWE
Houston

MORE THAN ONE SPORT MAN

See

One of your readers (Nov. 22) said he could not consider Robbie Florek as a superstar because he played only one sport. You know of Florek's hockey exploits. No one to date has been able to fill Boston Garden the way he did in high school—every year. But in addition to playing hockey, Robbie was the star of the Needham (Mass.) High School soccer team, helping to bring division, Eastern Massachusetts and state titles to Needham. And he played baseball, both at Needham High and for the local American Legion team.

To the residents of Needham and to everyone who has ever thrilled to his performance in any of his sports, Robbie Florek will always be a star of the highest magnitude.

JACK McQUILLAN
Needham, Mass.

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